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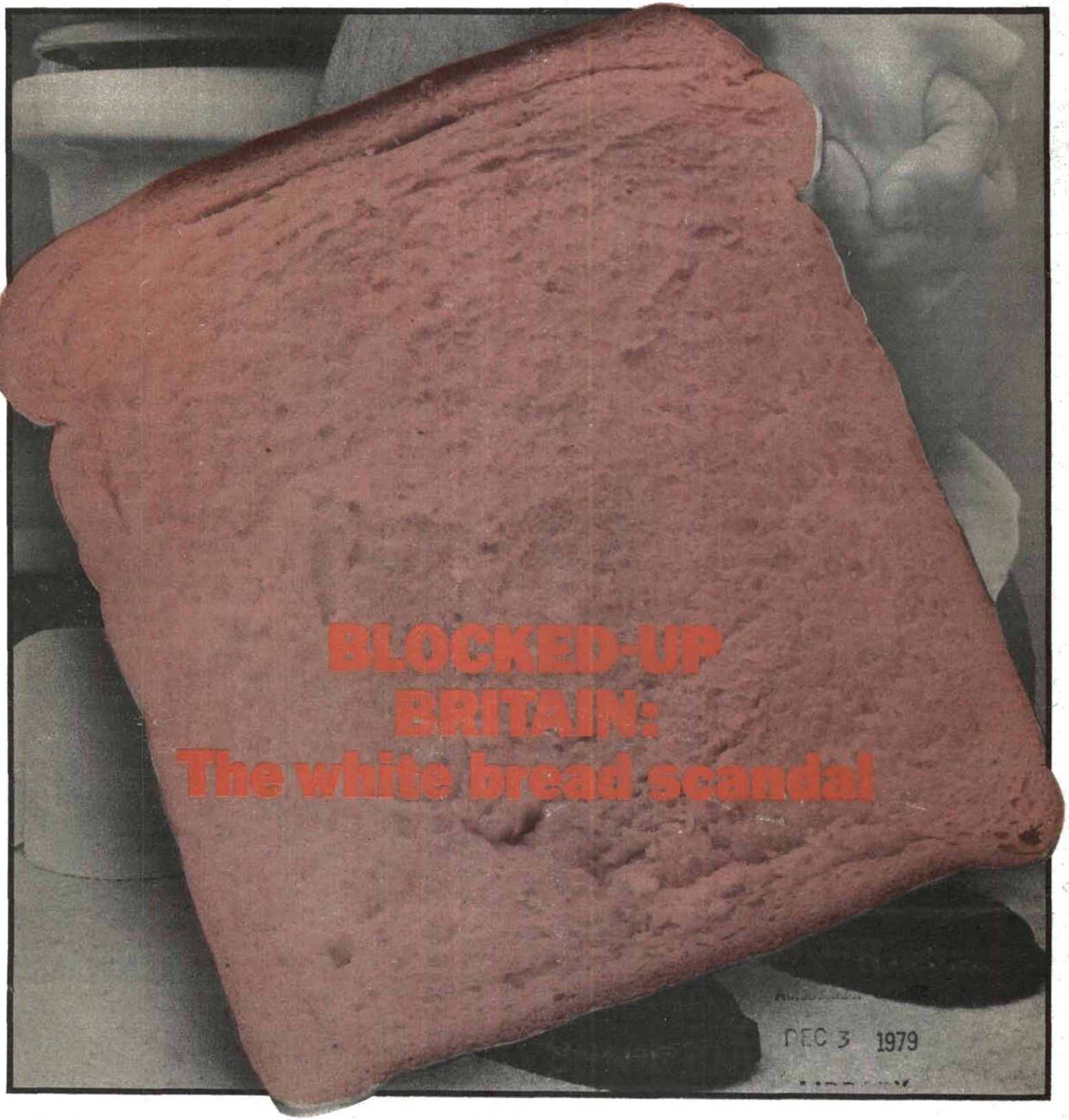
NEW STATESMAN



John Pilger: relief agencies play politics in Cambodia

Carter's next foreign adventure

Wormwood Scrubs cover-up

Investigating the Criminal Intelligence Branch

Charles Fox: latest jazz records / Paul Preston: Eurocommunism

Craig Raine: Golding's new novel / Steven Rose: biological warfare

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NEW STATESMAN

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NOTES

Times peace hopes fade – part six

Patrick Wintour writes: The Times Newspapers lock-out, described by *Sunday Times* Natsopa leader Barry Fitzpatrick as the longest running serial since Coronation Street, looks like reaching its last episode. Amid rumours last week that owner Lord Thomson, had finally lost patience and was on his way to the scene of the chaos to close the paper down, the TNL management finally sealed a deal with the Natsopa *Sunday Times* machine chapel led by Reg Brady, the most sinister figure in the management's horror chamber. Despite Brady's protestations TNL are pleased with the deal. They have secured his chapel's agreement to produce 80 page papers and work longer shifts. In addition there is a sanguine agreement that there will be no special claims in the middle of the production run. More significantly Brady has agreed to lose 90 out of the 548 jobs in his chapel – 17 per cent of the main Saturday night shift. Though originally TNL management had been looking for a 60 per cent reduction, the figure is large and bigger than that for the *Times* machine room. In return Brady's men have, in effect, a two year pay deal lasting until September 1980 bringing them from £43 to £67 a shift. This will be, management admit, one of the best rates in Fleet Street, but worthwhile because the reductions in manning and the improved operating agreement lowers the 60 per cent pay increase to only a 21 per cent increase in wage costs.

The explosiveness of the pay increase lies in the erosion of the National Graphical Association's differentials in the machine room. Last month the majority of the 620 strong *Times* NGA chapel, led by the composing room workers, accepted a back-to-work formula that delayed the introduction of new technology but did not specify a full operating agreement. That agreement on pay and conditions would be reached within six months of the paper starting up again. However, the generosity of Brady's pay increase last Saturday swung the majority of the NGA back to a full settlement before a return to work. They will not work in the machine room with Natsopa for even three months if the traditional 12.5 per cent differential is lost. This differential is not an iron rule – according to ACAS the differential ranges from 23 to 11 per cent on Fleet Street – but it is a long tradition for the foundrymen and machine managers.

The new shopping list of NGA demands, presented to TNL while NGA President Les Dixon was abroad, is indeed formidable – increased manning levels, a five hour reduction in the working week and increases in holidays to two months from 6 weeks, and of course the restoration of differentials. But since *Times* NGA members, unlike Natsopa's, do not have ready alternative employment some believe that the NGA may yet pull back. Management could simply give private assurances that differentials will be restored in the final operating agreement.

The great sense of 'so near yet so far' is strengthened by the imminence of an agreement with Fitzpatrick's *Sunday Times* clerical chapel. The accounts and finance section of the chapel will be signing (after 7 weeks' detailed negotiation) an agreement that on average will give them to September 1980 a 51 per cent increase including 10.1 per cent increase left over from last year. In addition to longer holidays, hours are reduced to 63 hours over a nine day fortnight. Fitzpatrick has also won his major battle to ensure that no jobs are lost in the chapel, not even through voluntary redundancy. This is despite an agreement to use the commercial computer: if the *Times* management wish to move anyone they will have to be found jobs elsewhere at TNL. The other half of the chapel, essentially marketing and sales, have not signed a full operating agreement but will certainly receive the shorter hours and no job loss. Like the original NGA agreement the details of their settlement are to be delayed until after republication.

With this settlement so near TNL management will be desperate to mollify the NGA and make some agreement with them. The NGA for their part may find it difficult to stick out for all their demands prior to republication, the date for which is now mid-November.

In tune with apartheid

Duncan Campbell writes: Capital Radio, London's highly profitable and allegedly 'socially aware' commercial radio station profess to be highly embarrassed that their name, style, and even their printed logo have been appropriated by a new station now about to start operating in the Transkei, South Africa. Capital Radio Transkei, based in the 'independent' black homeland of the same name, will begin broadcasting on 26 December this year, aiming its medium wave transmissions not just to the Transkei but the whole of South Africa.

Capital Radio (London) maintain that there is 'absolutely no connection' with Capital Radio (Transkei). But John Moody, the Transkei's managing director, says that the London station were 'amazingly co-operative' in providing help and advice, and in allowing the South Africans complete access to study their own operations. This liaison began about two years ago. Moody added that while nothing might be 'nearer and dearer' to his heart than to have direct involvement with the London station, the London managers felt that direct financial links would be untenable in view of likely union attitudes. So, instead, they opened their doors for the Transkei station to be modelled on the London one – for love and no money.

Inside Capital Radio (London), staff were of course aware of being studied by the South African visitors. They were assured that Capital (London) took no objection at all to the use of the name or logo. (The London logo is the station's name, featuring a sparrow fluttering over the last letters. In Transkei, a seagull appears instead.) The London staff were told that the South African station would be the first 'truly multi-racial' station in the area, and would thus enhance Capital (London)'s prestige and further the black cause. This version of the Capital Transkei story appears however to be reserved for staff inside the London company, and those who have been recruited to the new station's staff.

This week, Capital (London) spokespeople would only acknowledge the 'approach' from the South African company. Meanwhile, a former programme controller for Capital (London), Michael Bukht has just departed for Cape Town on a four month consultancy. Capital disc jockey Kenny Everett's producer, Stewart Lee flew off to South Africa two weeks ago. Transkei station director John Moody says that their relationship with Capital (London) is 'still very co-operative'. Overall Capital Radio Transkei will, says Moody, be 'dedicated to making profits' and like London, 'dedicated to radio as an art form'. Relying on South African advertisers and offices for most of their revenue, it is a foregone conclusion that Capital Radio Transkei will entirely accommodate itself to the South African government. There will be no 'crusades' or other 'politics', just an aspiration to 'bridge the gap between black and white – musically'. Can one (musically) bridge the gap between opposite ends of a gun barrel?

Communists gain in Japan's election

Donald Kirk writes from Tokyo: Japan's prime minister Masayoshi Ohira called last Sunday's election in the hope that his solidly entrenched Liberal-Democratic party would be returned with a massive majority. This, he reasoned, would mean that his obstreperous critics – the last of the socialists and other malcontents – would be driven from their positions on a few key committees in the Diet, where they exercised some influence on legislation.

Fortunately for whatever semblance of serious democracy exists in a society that views 'consensus'

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and 'unity' as national watchwords, Ohira suffered a humiliating defeat that brought a call for his resignation from Takeo Miki – the prime minister forced from office when he did badly in the last election in December 1976.

Ohira, however, merely admitted that the election represented a 'severe judgment.' Indeed, with six seats short of a majority in the 511 seat Diet the LDP can only be sure of continuing their 24 year leadership of the house with the support of a motley assortment of ten independents. At least three of these are former LDP stalwarts forced to resign from the party after they were indicted in the Lockheed bribery scandal. Ohira's staunchest ally is ex-premier Lakuei Tanaka, prime figure in the Lockheed scandal and still the leader of the LDP's second-largest faction. As an independent he polled nearly twice as many votes as any other candidate but did not consider this enough to brazen out his indictment and bid for the LDP leadership again.

Besides condoning corruption Ohira offended voters by his cavalier proposal for a value-added-tax which he announced in the middle of the campaign, but quickly withdrew amid a storm of opposition criticism. Clearly he could not be relied upon, if the LDP got the 271 members needed to control the pivotal budget committee, not to introduce all the taxes he liked. Ohira – a former finance minister with the mind of a career bureaucrat – has been intensely irritated by the need to compromise with critics who last year insisted on slashing his budget by 300 million yen ($1,500 million, approximately) and opposed suggestions for giving greater licence to the frustrated military establishment.

The socialists, divided among themselves, fared worse than the LDP – losing 10 of their 117 seats. But the tightly disciplined Communist Party more than doubled its strength from 17 to 39 Diet members, including eight women. LDP strategists claim this was because the Communist got out their votes despite the torrential downpours on election day; but it looks more as though the Japanese public was not to accept Ohira's bid to rule as he pleased, unfettered by the checks of a democratic system.

Doomed Utopia?

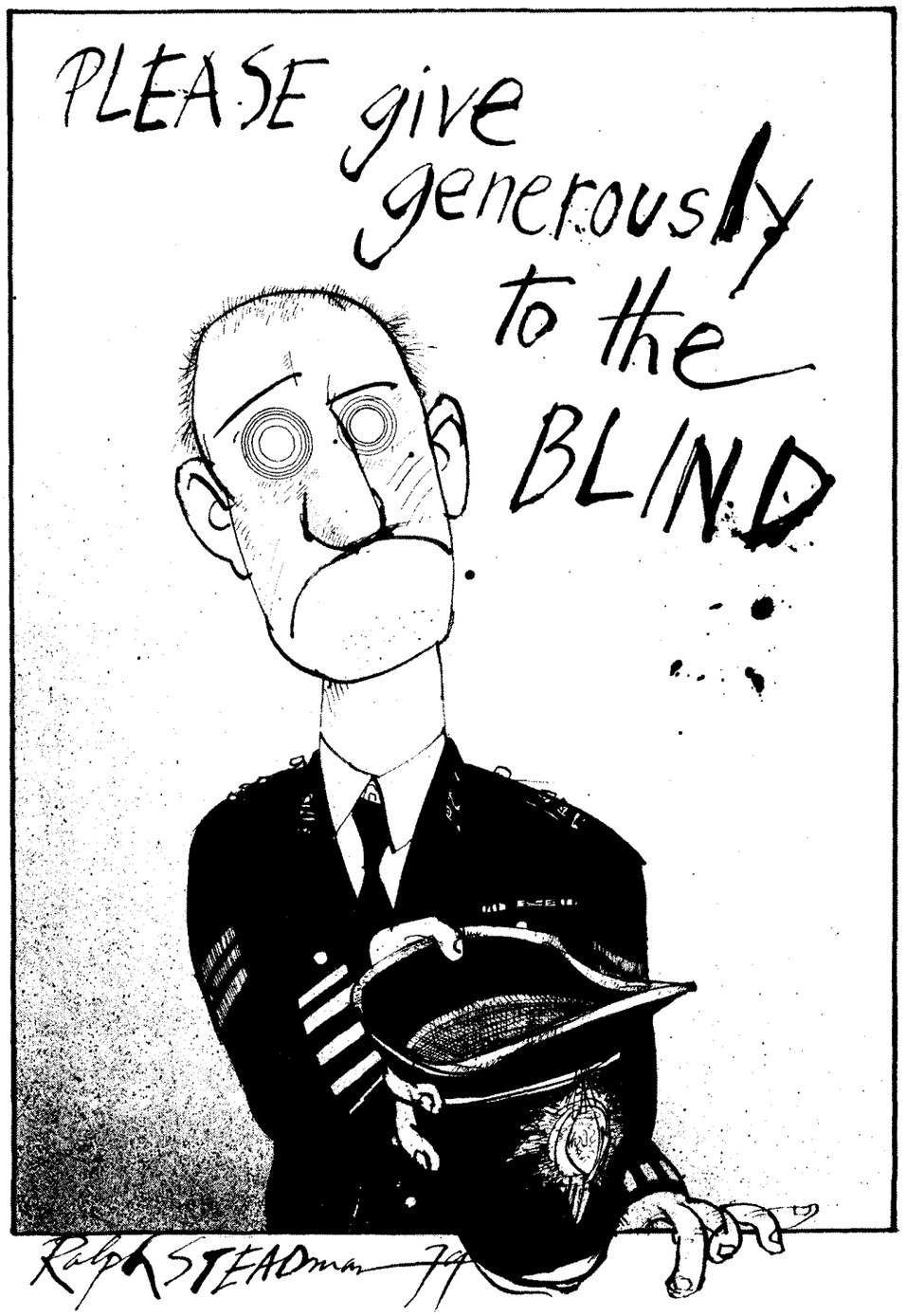
Stephen Marks writes: The third garden city should be small, co-operative and self-sufficient, according to the author of the prospectus[1] for a successor to Letchworth and Welwyn. The plan has been produced by the Town and Country Planning Association (founded as the Garden City Association in 1899) in response to a challenge from Lord Campbell, chairman of Milton Keynes, at the TCPA conference last year.

The prospectus foresees a community of 10,000, and communally-owned land bought at agricultural prices with rental profits financing future development and community services. There would be 'human scale' buildings, a variety of housing tenures and 'benign, renewable' energy sources. Employment would be experimental and varied, including co-operatives and small businesses; residents would be encouraged to grow their own food on plots of up to three acres. The town would be designed to keep travelling to a minimum and most of it possible by foot or bike. There would be maximum emphasis on recycling waste.

Already the plan has attracted interest from those involved in 'alternative technology' and the ecological movement, and 200 people have said they want to live in the town. But there are problems. Apart from the present government's attitude to the scheme, even buying the land at agricultural prices would mean that the pressure in the early years was to maximise rental income to finance future development. This would emphasise the profitable developments, not necessarily those which conform to the decentralist and co-operative ideals of the pioneers. Many a utopian community has been shipwrecked on these shoals, not least Letchworth, which nearly went under when it stopped paying dividends to the original backers.

[1] *A prospectus for a third garden city*, Town and Country Planning Association, 17 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1.

Steadman on Blair Peach



Tony Burke for appeal on Monday

Rob Rohrer writes: The eleven-month fight to free Tony Burke (see last week's NS) finally reaches the Appeal Court on Monday. Burke, a part-time bouncer at one of Liverpool's gay night clubs was last year convicted of murdering a young homosexual who had been viciously kicked to death. Almost all the evidence suggested that Burke had merely been trying to stop a brawl; the only 'evidence' unfavourable to him was the uncertain opinion of a forensic scientist about bloodstains on his left shoe.

Burke's new defence lawyers – led by Benet Hytner QC – have applied to call two key witnesses excluded from the trial on the advice of the original QC. Although these witnesses are not 'fresh' evidence (because they were available at the trial) the 1968 Criminal Appeal Act should, in theory, offer a faint hope of them being heard. Under the Act the appeal judges may consider any evidence 'in the interests of justice', though in practice this power is rarely used.

Mr Justice Smith, the trial judge, is reported to have privately expressed misgivings about the verdict *and* about his own rejection of the defence submission that there was insufficient prosecution evidence to go before the jury. But Judge Smith might have been unhappier still had he known about the disturbing inaccuracy of one witness's statement read out, unchallenged, to the jury. In it George Hibbert, a labourer who had been drinking with the murdered man, stated he had seen Tony Burke at the club and asked the bouncer who had been injured. Burke's reply, the jury heard, was allegedly: 'It's that Roy fuck'. If true, it would have been a highly damaging remark, but it wasn't. Hibbert denies saying that to the police. He told the NEW STATESMAN several months ago that he remembered the police mistaking his words but that he had pointed it out to them and initialled a correction. In the supposedly original handwritten police statement, now with the defence, the phrase is clearly 'It's that Roy *fella*', and is uncorrected.

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This remarkable discrepancy has now been included in the grounds of appeal.

When Burke's new lawyers asked to interview Dr Eric Moore, the Home Office forensic expert, the request was granted but at the last minute the venue was switched to a Liverpool police station. There, Dr Moore was surrounded by a posse of officers, including a detective superintendent and Mr W. M. Chance, the DPP's representative; all present, no doubt, to assist in the cause of scientific objectivity. Dr Julius Grant, a leading forensic scientist, reiterated in two radio interviews last week his own anxiety about the quality of the evidence against Burke. He emphasised the restricted space in which Burke had struggled to stop the bloody brawl, and asserted that the hair found on Burke's shoe could equally well have come from the head of the co-accused, as from the dead man.

The appeal judges will answer next week the question put by Mr Justice Smith to the jury: 'Does the forensic scientist's evidence gainsay all that factual evidence of the eyewitnesses, and is it in itself such that we could properly, surely, say to ourselves Burke was involved?'

The lying syndrome

Duncan Campbell writes: The ethics of scientific research prescribe not just honesty in reporting, but also require scientists to furnish all the details of their experiments that a colleague might need in repeating the work. Until now, however, no one seems to have noticed that volumes of Soviet scientific literature dealing with experiments on radioactivity in the environment have reported entirely implausible and often false experimental circumstances. There is a simple explanation: the 'experimental circumstances' for most of the work was the contaminated site of a nuclear disaster which killed or injured thousands of people in the winter of 1957/58. Soon afterwards, large numbers of Soviet scientists secretly moved into the area. For the accident, which was the world's worst nuclear disaster, was also a unique scientific event, and provided unrepeatable opportunities to measure the effects of radioactivity on the biology and ecology of animals, fish, birds, plants and trees[1]

The basis for the new account of the Urals nuclear disaster is research conducted over the last three years by Zhores Medvedev, the dissident Soviet biologist now working in London. Medvedev first wrote about the disaster three years ago – then largely on the basis of hearsay from his own time as a leading Soviet scientist. He now reserves particularly icy criticism for those scientific commentators and other so-called 'experts' who put down his whole story of the Urals nuclear disaster on the basis of personal prejudices or 'informed sources' of similar bias.

There was, for example, the *Guardian*, whose correspondent imputed that Medvedev had more interest in politicking than telling the truth; 'he is a highly political man whose motive for revealing the disaster now may well be to draw attention to British plans to build a large nuclear waste treatment plant at Windscale', their correspondent wrote. The paper didn't contact Medvedev to see if this was indeed his motive (in fact he had never heard of Windscale until after his initial article was published).

Then there was Sir John Hill, the chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, who readily dismissed the story of the disaster as 'science fiction'. Hill refused to believe that the Russians would bury high level radioactive waste, or that any kind of buried waste would give rise to a type of explosion 'like a volcano' which Medvedev had described.

In the last three years, the story has been wholly confirmed, although many aspects remain still mysterious – such as the exact cause of the explosion. But CIA reports released under the Freedom of Information Act, new eyewitness reports, and a host of other circumstantial evidence all describe the events too well as to leave any doubt that, during the winter of 1957-58, a major explosion at the Kyshtym atomic centre south of Sverdlovsk in the industrial central region of the Urals distributed radioactive waste across an area of many hundreds of square kilometres. The atomic centre at Kyshtym, was the main centre for Soviet nuclear weapons production from 1947 on. In the early years at least, a large quantity of waste left over from plutonium production may have been accumulated while scientists had very little idea what to do with it.

It is astonishing that, until Medvedev began a long and painstaking search through Soviet literature on radioactivity, no one noticed the systematic falsification of the details of their experiments. In one series of reports dealing with a contaminated lake, it is said that an isolated lake was 'experimentally' contaminated and the sizeable seasonal variations in contamination were introduced 'artificially'. In fact, not only was the contamination caused by an accident, but the lake was far from isolated, being part of a river system (and hence the seasonal variations in radioactivity). The lakes in the region of Kyshtym eventually drain into the great river basin of the Ob. To give any public clue that radioactive material was being carried through and deposited along the banks of the Ob and other rivers would, of course, be unthinkable.

It might be argued that many of the Russian scientific reports, although available, were nevertheless accessible only to a very few. But there were other papers presented to international scientific conferences, such as the 1971 Geneva International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, where two reports on the effects of high doses of radioactivity on trees were presented. Although the Soviet authors described conditions of intense radioactive fallout on a forest as *experimental*, no one queried this or other marked inconsistencies. That session of the conference, Medvedev pointedly reveals, was chaired by a British scientist, one Sir John Hill.

[1]*Nuclear Disaster in the Urals*, Zhores Medvedev, Angus & Robertson.

PRISON
Anna Coote

Evidence mounts of an unprovoked attack of unprecedented brutality

'Tinderbox' tension at the Scrubs

A SENIOR POLICE OFFICER has now been appointed to investigate allegations of criminal activity at Wormwood Scrubs. But that is unlikely to satisfy demands for a public inquiry, or alleviate suspicion that the Home Office is intent on a cover-up. Shortly after 10 pm on 31 August, 300 prison officers with staves, riot shields, visors, helmets and cowboy style handkerchiefs burst into 'D' Wing and launched a swift but brutal attack on some 200 prisoners who had been holding a peaceful 'sit-in' demonstration and who were utterly defenceless.

At first, the Home Office denied there had been any injuries at all. It then allowed that five prisoners had been hurt and – as more evidence was produced by PROP, the national prisoners' movement – that 53 had received 'minor injuries'.

The Home Office has explained that when a governor in one prison has 'problems', he can call on help from other establishments – and in this case Governor Norman Honey of the Scrubs was helped by 120 specially trained officers from other prisons. At 10.20, the Home Office alleges, the prisoners' sit-in developed into a 'riotous situation' and the officers went in to quell it.

The NEW STATESMAN has collected information from eight different sources, including relatives, friends and lawyers of D Wing prisoners and other individuals who are closely involved with the prison. Their reports tally in almost every respect and add up to an astonishing account of unprovoked violence.

It appears that at least 70 prisoners were injured. One of them, a man called Burny has since lost an eye. A disabled prisoner, who was paralysed in one leg and one arm, was seen being beaten to the ground and being beaten as he lay on the floor: he is apparently still in hospital. Another broke a collarbone and many needed stitches to head wounds. After the attack prisoners' property was systematically destroyed: specific items named in our reports include two radios, a wristwatch, a record player, an artists' easel and three completed canvases. At least 30 men from D Wing have since been charged with various offences by the prison authorities and punished with spells of solitary confinement. Many have been moved to other prisons.

It is quite plain from all reports that there was no provocation and that the prisoners' demonstration remained peaceful throughout – the only 'riotous situation' being produced by the officers themselves. Two weeks earlier, on 13 August, another peaceful demonstration had been held, supported unanimously by the D Wing inmates. They had been complaining about the erosion of their privileges; they had submitted a petition to the Home Office; and their representatives had been allowed to negotiate with Governor Honey. Among their continuing grievances was the fact that they had been prevented from buying toilet articles with private cash – being left instead to the untender mercies of regulation soap and tooth powder; that facilities for cooking their own food had been reduced to an impossibly low level; that staff attitudes had hardened considerably after a new principal officer had arrived on the wing in May; and that Irish republicans were denied weekend visits, unlike the rest of the Category A prisoners.

Other developments likely to have contributed to the discontent were a new national rule that prisoners could have no more than £60 a year each in private cash; and the closure in February 1979 of the Wormwood Scrubs 'college', after which prisoners were allowed no teaching (although they could study on their own). The latter stemmed directly from the prison officers' own dispute with the Home Office – over pay and conditions – which had been disrupting prison life for many months.

The D Wing prisoners had been told they would get a response to their complaints within two weeks of 13 August. By the 31st that deadline had passed and they were planning another peaceful demonstration to take place on Monday 3 September. The event was precipitated, however, on the morning of 31 August, when prison officers suddenly confis-

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cated the men's weight-lifting equipment (large plastic containers filled with water) which had been around the wing for years, but had now apparently become a risk to 'security'.

At 5 pm the prisoners began their demonstration. They refused to clear the landings and instead sat at tables, playing cards and dominoes and listening to the radio. It had been known to prison officers since the morning that this would happen. The empty cells were locked and at 7 pm a meal was served to the prisoners.The sit-in continued: the men had asked to meet the governor to discuss their grievances and were waiting for a reply. According to some accounts, they were told at about 9.55 pm that the deputy governor would talk to them in five minutes' time. But at a few minutes past 10 pm – well before the time at which the Home Office claimed a 'riotous situation' developed – 300 officers who had assembled in the yard burst into the wing. The staves they carried were four feet long and shaped like baseball bats. Most of the officers were unrecognisable because of the visors and handkerchiefs over their faces. They laid about them with their staves as the prisoners scrambled away from the tables, trying to seek refuge in the cells, but finding them locked. Some officers, who were not part of the invading force, unlocked cell doors and bundled prisoners into them, in an attempt to protect them. The unlucky ones were chased to the upper landings, then forced to run back past rows of officers, who beat them about the head and legs as they went. Alistair Logan, a solicitor who is acting for several of the injured men, says that two T-shirts, a pillow case and blankets, all stained with blood, have since been recovered from the wing. There are a number of reports of prisoners being beaten to the ground and beaten again; and of officers urging each other on to acts of violence – for example, one is said to have shouted: 'Kill the bastard, he's an Irish cunt!' (this was just after Mountbatten's murder).

The invasion lasted for approximately seven minutes. Before they left, the officers beat a kind of victory tattoo on the railings with their staves. Those from the Scrubs had been at pains to conceal their identity, but those from outside had let the prisoners know where they had come from: Wandsworth, Pentonville and Brixton.

Visits to D Wing prisoners were suspended for two weeks after 31 August. Most of the injured men were treated on the wing and their names do not appear on the records of the prison hospital. The official visitors, who are normally allowed to go into the cells and see prisoners who have no relatives to visit them, have not yet been allowed back into the wing. Most prisoners have been locked in their cells for 23½ hours a day ever since; some have reported that they are prevented from 'slopping out' until the last possible minute, leaving no time for exercise; and that meals are served up cold. When visits were first resumed they were allowed only in 'closed' conditions, with a glass screen between prisoner and visitor and an officer sitting nearby. Friends and relatives say that many of the men who are still on the wing are very frightened about what might happen next.

Tension is running high among the prison staff, not all of whom applauded the invasion. Members of the Prison Officers' Association have been pursuing a policy of non-co-operation with the prison psychologists (refusing to escort prisoners to and from them) after one psychologist voiced the hope that prisoners who had been injured would get legal aid. It seems the POA is virtually running Wormwood Scrubs. Few doubt there will be further violence. As one prisoner put it: 'It's like a tinder box in here. Anything could set it off.'

BLACKPOOL
Francis Wheen

Victory euphoria masks growing discontent with Tory leader

Is Maggie on the slide?

MARGARET THATCHER didn't arrive in Blackpool until Wednesday, but from the moment that the first Central Office personnel stepped off the train on Sunday, her presence was everywhere. Each time her name was mentioned in a debate (which was often) delegates roared in the same way that the audience of *Crackerjack* used to scream when the programme's title was mentioned. The annual report presented to conference by the party's Executive Committee was ecstatic:

> The Executive Committee pays tribute to the courageous and determined way in which our leader, the Rt Hon. Mrs Margaret Thatcher, MP, led us to this great victory at the polls, refusing to be sidetracked or shaken from the offensive by the socialist smears and distortions during the campaign. To her must go full credit for the successful outcome.

Wednesday night saw a 'Celebrate the Victory' ball, organised by the Young Conservatives. The following evening was the occasion for something called a 'Conference Victory Ball' in aid of the Lord Thorneycroft Appeal. Yet oddly enough, even as she was being cheered to the echo, Mrs Thatcher's position was looking decidedly precarious. True there has been no public criticism of Maggie herself, but the Young Conservatives, for example, have described Michael Heseltine's local government policy as 'shameful and reckless'. The Freedom Association (formerly NAFF) has accused Jim Prior of 'taking up the baton from Albert Booth and running with it with equal vigour'. And the comments made by Mondayclubbers about Lord Carrington (or, equally often, 'Her Majesty's Government') are largely unprintable.

The time for astonishment, you may think, will be when Paul Johnson and the members of NAFF have a *kind* word for Jim Prior. Nevertheless, these moanings, within months of Maggie's famous victory, are significant, because they are the public symptoms of a much wider concern which is so far only articulated in private. Since Thatcher formed her Cabinet, two days after the election, the conventional wisdom has been that she has bound up wounds, united the party, pacified the Heathmen, rallied the troops behind her and so on. This is far from true. Certain members of the Cabinet who hated her before the election victory, such as Peter Walker and Michael Heseltine, have not modified their personal views of her one jot since being included in the new government. Indeed, her abrupt and autocratic style has antagonised several who were favourably disposed towards her before. Despite the much-publicised purge at Central Office, there are still a number of staff at party HQ – not to mention the party's Research Department – who will be happy to join a conspiracy against her when the time is thought to be ripe.

That moment has not yet arrived, and hence these same people still allow themselves the fun of joining in the crowing at this year's election success. But just as the opinion polls have shown that Thatcher's government lost public support faster than any administration in living memory, so the party faithful are beginning to show signs of disillusion rather earlier than might have been expected. In Tuesday's debate on health, one saddened delegate said that he had campaigned in the Bedwellty area of Wales during the election. That region has never been exactly fertile ground for the Tories, but he had managed to win over some doubters by showing them the party's manifesto, including such declarations as: 'It is not our intention to reduce spending on the National Health Service.' Don't believe the lies of the socialists, he had told voters: we only wish to eradicate waste. How was he to face those people again, now that the election promises had been shown to be untrue?

Because of the Tory party's tradition of 'not in front of the electors' it is difficult to tell how soon these tensions within the party will become unbearable. The Tories are great ones for rumblings, but when the eruption eventually occurs it is still something of a shock, merely because of its suddenness. One of the best descriptions of Tory conferences – and of Tories – was given by none other than Paul Johnson, many years ago, in an NS article entitled 'Rule like Pigs': all week, he said, he had been acutely aware of the suspense, but it was not until the Friday that resentment found its expression. At last, Macmillan's closing speech was interrupted by stink bombers from the League of Empire Loyalists, and delegates set upon the offending right-wingers with a brutality that today would have done credit to the officers of Wormwood Scrubs.

There has been a similar whiff about the atmosphere in Blackpool this week. The feeling has been much less pronounced, of course, because of euphoria at the election result. It will take months rather than days to reach its climax. But it is there all the same. Part of it is caused not by Thatcher but by the office she holds. The prestige of the post of Tory leader has suffered greatly from two leadership crises in twelve years which have made backstairs conspiracies more acceptable to the party than they used to be. As T. E. Utley percipiently noted last year:

> What Mrs Thatcher has still not wholly regained for the party leadership is that habitual loyalty from the rank and file of Toryism on which most of her predecessors have been able to count until they have stretched it beyond the limits of endurance.

It will be tempting for many commentators – and for Thatcher herself – to interpret this week's adulatory reception as a return to that 'loyalty'. It is nothing of the sort, as the coming year will show, and when the time comes the Tories will treat her ruthlessly.

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SOCIAL SERVICES
David Tereshchuk

Two reports detail the effects of the cuts

Sacrificing the aged to fantasies

WHAT IS THE real effect on our social services of the cuts imposed by Mrs Thatcher on local authority spending? This week sees the first authoritative survey of what the cuts really entail across the country as a whole. The Personal Social Services Council – a quango whose own future is in doubt – advises the government on social services policy. Their 'monitoring exercise', as they call it, attempts to identify the general trend in the way local councils are carrying out the government's demand for a three per cent spending cut across the board in 1979-80. Their report makes bleak reading. The PSSC staff foresee 'a poorer quality of life, increased dependence for vulnerable individuals, a greater burden on their families, a higher incidence of crisis'.

On top of that, Directors of Social Services for local authorities up and down the country have been pooling information on what the cuts are turning out to mean. Brian Roycroft, Newcastle-upon-Tyne's Director (and something of a doyen of the profession) has compiled a survey on behalf of the Association of Directors of Social Services. Unlike the PSSC survey, Roycroft's report for his fellow Directors makes little attempt to draw any broad conclusions, but its bald cataloguing of the actual effects of the cuts is equally alarming for anyone who entertains hopes for the future of the social services. What both reports confirm strongly is that, to quote just the PSSC survey:

> Cuts for 1979/80 have had to be made in great haste with predictable consequences: a lack of regard for long-term policy and a tendency to look for quick and easy reductions in expenditure rather than for those which are least damaging . . . Little apparent attempt has been made to protect the most vulnerable groups.

A majority of the Directors who reported to Roycroft said that their service had to offer up exactly the same financial sacrifices as other services despite the personal social services existing to provide for precisely the 'most vulnerable groups'. The sacrifices have averaged out, according to the Directors' report, at about a 2.8 per cent 'saving' on this year's budget (i.e. roughly £325,000 per council in cash terms) but they varied widely among different authorities, from a low of 0.5 per cent to a high of 7.7 per cent.

Exactly how the axe has been falling *within* social services departments' budgets has been somewhat haphazard. But when asked to single out one group of clients most affected, a majority of the directors picked out the elderly. This is perhaps predictable since the care of old people is not a statutory duty for social services departments. By contrast, there are no less than ten pieces of legislation, all passed since the Second World War, laying duties upon local authorities for various kinds of child care. Amid drastic financial retrenchment, departments are likely, the PSSC survey confirms, 'to concentrate more on the fulfilment of statutory obligations'.

The Directors' concern about provision for the elderly is shown by a telling slip in their report's otherwise very professional coolness. One Director is quoted (anonymously but with feeling) as saying that in his area: . . .

> Lack of staff in Old People's Homes means that no more old people can be admitted except in emergency, and some of those in the home will be unable to get up during the weekends as there is no-one to dress them. The cancellation of the Mayor's Garden Party and the Carol concert will not cause physical hardship, but they are regarded as bright spots in an otherwise dreary existence.

On the same subject the PSSC survey is more glum than caustic:

> At least six authorities are considering closing homes for the elderly in 1979/80 . . . while a seventh is abandoning a plan for a new one . . . Four authorities are planning to save money on staff in its homes . . . at least two authorities are saving money on fire precautions . . . One authority is effecting a 3 per cent reduction in food costs by changes in dietary provision.

Besides residential establishments for the old, efforts by social services departments to maintain elderly people in their own homes also appear to be suffering disproportionately. The PSSC survey says 'the Home Help service seems likely to be a particular area for economies', and sure enough the Directors' report identifies cuts in the numbers of home helps as having provided the biggest average cash savings for this year. The PSSC put this down to the service's 'mode of employment' which lends itself to quick and easy economies. (Home helps tend to be middle-aged women working part-time.) Cuts in residential care for old people are not being made up by increasing 'community care' (that is, support for people in their own houses aimed at preventing them from having to be received into institutions). The PSSC survey sums up the whole position thus:

> There is little evidence of compensatory increases in community support services. On the contrary, in a majority of authorities reducing residential provision for old people, community services will also deteriorate.

The PSSC survey points out that social services departments, having just gone through a lot of cost-cutting in the wake of the IMF-induced squeeze, are consequently 'carrying little excess fat'. Second, they say that demographic changes in the populations are actually increasing the level of need. It has been estimated, for example, that the number of people over 75 will increase by 25 per cent in the next five years. 'This means', say the PSSC, 'that even the maintenance of current real expenditure would lead to a declining standard of provision.'

THE OLD HAVE been taking the brunt of the spending cuts because the government have refused to give any firm directive on how savings should be made saying, 'we can leave it to the local councils themselves.' The PSSC report suggests this means there is no consistent attempt to protect the weakest sections of the community but it is clear the government are not going to listen to them. Recently, in one of those consultative committees of ill-defined status, Sir George Young, parliamentary at the DHSS, said that he hoped local authorities would do their best to minimise suffering among 'vulnerable groups'. When one of the groups present at the meeting wanted to put this on their press release, the DHSS applied pressure to make sure the wording was changed so that no remarks about the concern over vulnerable groups were attributed to the minister.

Despite their vagueness on priorities, the Government has been quite explicit about one development which it hopes will emerge while council spending is being cut: they want voluntary bodies to take over more of the work of local authorities' departments – the so-called 'statutory services'. According to the minister with special responsibility for the disabled, former Labour cabinet minister Mr Reg Prentice, the cuts imposed under his new political colleagues mean that:

> We have to mobilise all possible alternative sources to help the most vulnerable members of the community. This means placing ever greater reliance on the voluntary sector.

A simple fact, however, which Conservative ministers have not stressed is that voluntary bodies both large and small are nowadays largely dependent on state aid. In the past decade the number of workers, and the number of hours worked, in the voluntary sector have grown to exceed those in the state-provided services. With this expansion, which has also entailed the growth of full-time salaried staff servicing charitable organisations, voluntary bodies have found that they can no longer simply rely on rich benefactors to sustain them. They rely instead on grants from local authorities and payment for services rendered. (For example, a local authority will pay for a child in care for whom it cannot find a place itself.) Both these forms of payment tend to fall at the margin of departmental budgets and are thus prime targets for keen choppers among social services committees. On average, the Directors who reported on grants to voluntary bodies, told Brian Roycroft they were cutting almost 11 per cent of their expenditure plans for the current year. The PSSC survey noted:

> In one authority it is suggested that some services previously carried out by the department, particularly in the area of disability and mental handicap, will be transferred to voluntary agencies, with realistic support from the department. This is very much the exception.

And goes on,

> There is little prospect of the voluntary sector compensating for reductions in statutory services. On the contrary, the voluntary contribution will itself decline as a result of inflation and of cuts in grant-aid.

The National Council for Social Service, the umbrella organisation for voluntary bodies, has predicted that many of its members will be out of business next year as a result both of local council decisions (e.g. grants being cut) and of central government policies (e.g. VAT being raised). The PSSC survey coolly puts paid to another cherished Conservative hope – that cuts will eliminate waste and improve efficiency. In the cautious jargon of specialised analysts they conclude:

> Hastily executed economies are likely to decrease the efficiency with which scarce resources are used.

David Tereshchuk has spent thirteen months producing The Do-gooders, *a series of documentaries on the social services for ITV, to be shown when normal service has been resumed.*

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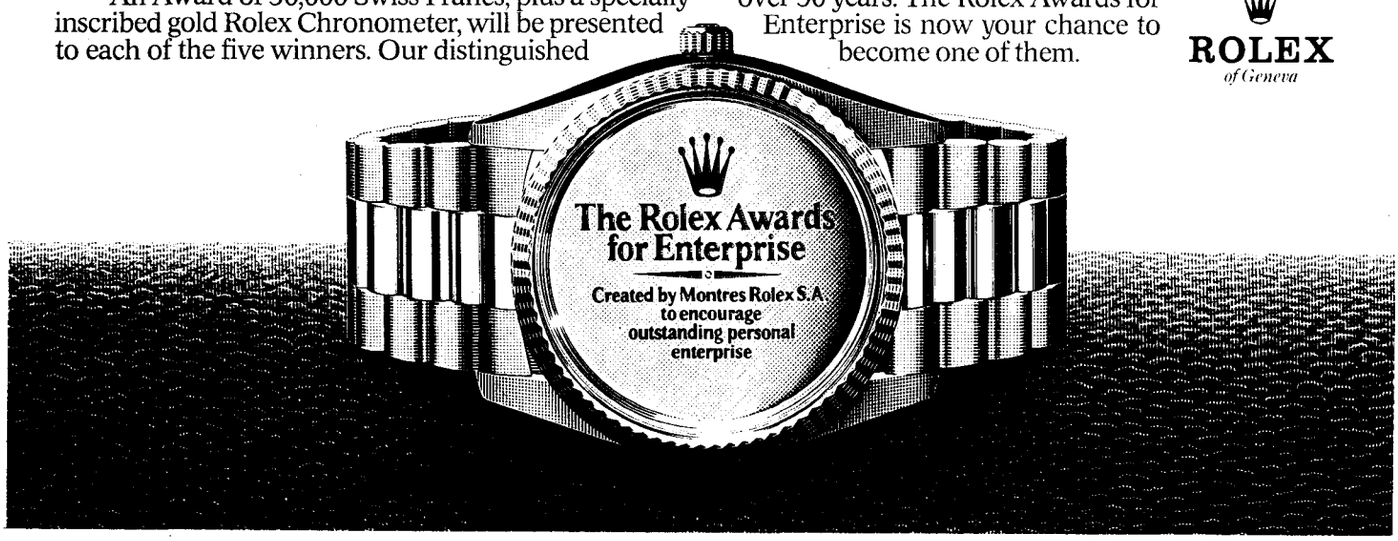

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AMERICA
Claudia Wright

Cuban 'crisis' didn't scare the Russians, but served other interests

Carter's useful empty gesture

THE LUNATIC EVENTS leading up to President Carter's speech on Soviet troops in Cuba – 'a case of nervous delirium', as they were termed by the Senate majority leader, Mr Byrd – were evidently part of a pattern. For the last 20 years, US foreign policy makers have regularly engaged in diplomatic brinkmanship and military intervention in the months from mid-summer to late autumn. It was in July 1958, for example, that American Marines landed in Lebanon; in August 1961, President Kennedy dispatched 1,500 men down the autobahn during the Berlin Wall crisis; September of the same year saw the first show of air and naval force in the Dominican Republic; in October 1962, the Cuban missile crisis; in August 1964, the Tonkin Gulf incident; and in October 1970, the affair of the Soviet submarine base at Cienfuegos, Cuba. Last year at exactly this time, the National Security Council announced sharp trade restrictions against the Soviets, while the Pentagon released news of disturbing 'discoveries' of MIG-23S unloading in Havana.

It would appear that neither the President nor Dr Brzezinski has learned the lessons of American interventionism that have been drilled into their predecessors. The first rule is not to threaten Soviet allies unless you are prepared to go to the brink with the Soviets themselves. While President Kennedy could argue that ballistic missiles in Cuba were an indisputable threat to American security, and Nixon claimed the same for Soviet submarines, nothing could be sillier in the case of 2,500 advisers, trainers, or even fully equipped combat soldiers camped outside Havana. However enfeebled Mr Brezhnev may be, he could not have been deluded into thinking the Americans would provoke a military confrontation on such a paltry issue. He was correct. So why did Carter promote a crisis?

Elections are pending, not only for Carter, but also for the two Senators who have been instrumental in pushing the President towards a showdown on the issue – Mr Stone of Florida and Mr Church of Idaho. Both are members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: Stone counts on a large anti-Castro Cuban community in Miami for his re-election, while Church, the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, has been attacked by fanatics in his state for softness towards Communism. Stone has told the press he was responsible for pressing the administration to increase surveillance of Cuba and that this led to the incriminating radio intercept (a Russian was heard to ask the Cuban army for permission to use manoeuvre grounds for his *Brigada*) and turned up the photographs of the manoeuvres themselves.

Accounts vary on what provoked Senator Church into making his announcement on 30 August, that the Soviet troops in Cuba constituted a combat force that threatened US security and that the SALT treaty would not be ratified unless it was removed. He was evidently embarrassed at having said, prompted by the administration a fortnight earlier, that there was no Soviet combat brigade in Cuba. If in Idaho that smacked of softness on Communism, then Church's only escape was to blame the administration for an intelligence failure or worse, for deceit. There are also indications that elements in the State Department approved the news release of the Soviet brigade to coincide with the non-aligned conference in Havana. They reasoned it would paint Castro into the red corner to match what American allies at the conference intended to say.

What no-one in the White House anticipated was the absence of a surge of popular belief in the administration's intelligence reports. American satellite technology is still having difficulty identifying Russian from Cuban tank crews when the hatches are closed, and even the most timorous Americans imagined that the balance of force was probably still on their side. What began, then, as a three-day blitz turned into a 31-day struggle, with the President unable to announce his decisions until 1 October.

The time of year is significant in another respect, for in September the President's budget office began to review departmental requests for new funds and personnel. The intelligence agencies needed the deteriorating atmosphere towards the Russians and public hunger for more spying, in order to compensate for a series of widely publicized internal shakeups, intelligence bungles, and other embarrassments since Carter took office. The FBI was anxious also to recruit several hundred new agents to work on counter-intelligence activities that had been largely discredited by the venalities of J. Edgar Hoover and his successors during the Watergate years. Both the CIA and FBI stood to recoup much of their old freedom if the President committed himself, as he has now done, to substantially increased intelligence operations throughout the world.

The Defence Department has traditionally done well in budget terms out of these autumnal crises. This year, teetering on the edge of a 5 per cent real increase in military spending, the President has already committed himself to more money for ships and transport planes to rush troops to the Indian Ocean, the Middle East, and the Caribbean. It is possible too that the US will succeed in getting Argentina, Paraguay and other South American allies to contribute to a 'peacekeeping force' to watch over the future of El Salvador, Guatemala, Grenada and even St Lucia.

Once Carter had summoned the 15 erstwhile wise men, it was inevitable that the lessons of staging interventions would finally sink in. Never before had quite so many veterans of so many of America's military adventures come together in one place: McGeorge Bundy (Dominican Republic, Vietnam); John McCone (Bay of Pigs); George Ball (Dominican Republic); David Packard (Vietnam, Cambodia, Cuba 1970); Brent Scowcroft (the Mayaguez rescue); along with Dean Rusk, William Rogers, Henry Kissinger, James Schlesinger, Averell Harriman, Clark Clifford, and others. These gentleman are no better equipped than anyone else to know whether MIG-23S in wooden crates on Havana's dockside are fitted with pods for delivering nuclear bombs to Miami or Jacksonville. Nor can they distinguish between soldiers training themselves to fight or training others, between offensive and defensive manoeuvres. They *do* know better than to tangle with either Cuba or the Soviet Union on such doubtful issues. Indeed, if one were to predict where they would recommend the US intervene next, according to the canon of their experience, the target is likely to be either Grenada or St Lucia. The islands may be barren of American property to defend, but who could doubt for a moment that the Marines could land safely and win a great victory for democracy and stability?

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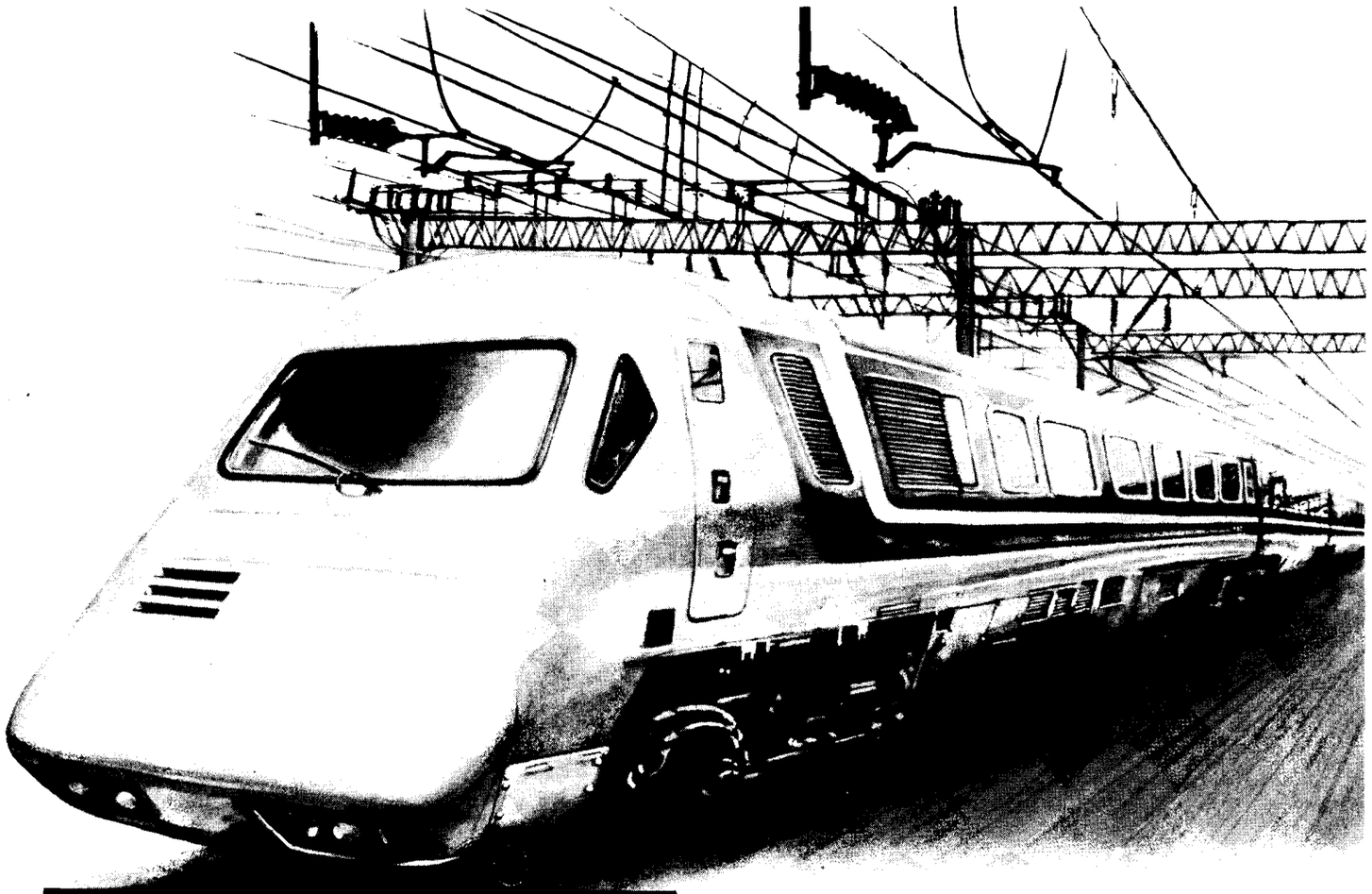

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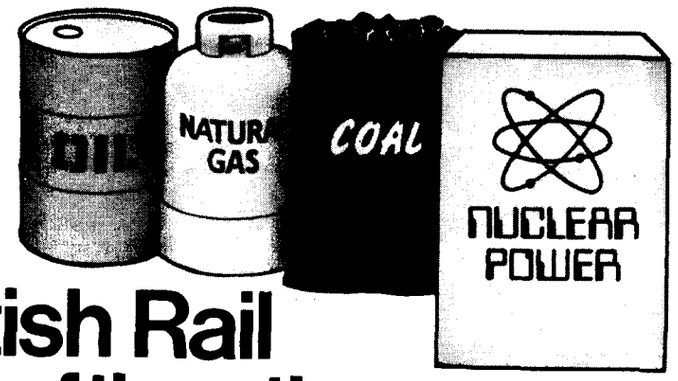

British Rail

The backbone of the nation

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The scandal of British bread

One rich man shaped the history of Britain's monopolised bread industry. HANNAH WRIGHT explains the price our insides pay, the behaviour of the bread giants and, more hopefully, what we can do about it.

'THE STANDARD LOAF has no rival in the world for cheapness, nutritional value and keeping quality, whilst the range of other bread products available to the public gives them a wide choice.' (Paragraph 451, Monopolies Commission Report on Bread and Flour [1977]. Submission by Associated British Foods, Ranks Hovis McDougall, and Spillers.)

Buy a white loaf, sliced or unsliced, from a supermarket or chain bakery. It was probably baked by either Associated British Foods or Ranks Hovis McDougall, who divide between them just under two thirds of the British bread market (besides owning many other food companies including Twinings Tea, Ryvita, XL Crisps [ABF] and McVitie's, Mr Kipling, Cerebos and Sifta [RHM]). Take a slice and examine it closely. After all, you have provided one third of the money for the scientific and technological research that transformed it from the thousand year-old combination of wheat flour, yeast, salt and water, to a polluted and spongy money-spinner.

The bread is light for its size and smoothly pale gold outside. The crumb is unnaturally white with thousands of tiny, evenly-distributed air bubbles. The crust does not tear away from the crumb when spread with butter and is so soft that today's children have no need of the concealed crust-disposal ledge so useful to my sister and me in the fifties. Now take a bite. Eaten by itself, white factory bread has no flavour – just a slight saltiness. After a few chews it becomes a glutinous mass in the mouth, easily swallowed, but leaving little sticky lumps in the crevices of the teeth. Every single slice fits the toaster and, sealed with its convenient sealer into its plastic bag, a sliced loaf will still be 'fresh' after nearly a week. You will not have to worry about getting out to the shops during your lunch hour, nor will Granny or the children ever cut their fingers making sandwiches. It is both attractive and convenient; insipid and pulpy. It lasts days longer than French or Italian white bread. But how does this 'keeping quality' fit in with its 'unrivalled nutritional value'?

Now swallow hard and follow its progress down your body. The exact contents of the mouthful of bread which you digest and absorb into your blood stream are not easy to discover. Mr Paul Charlton, marketing manager for ABF, said that while he wouldn't regard such information as secret, he didn't himself know details of additives used – but of course the regulations were available. So they were. From Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

Most British bread contains a percentage of North American hard wheat, and therefore has a higher protein content than French bread, which is made entirely from French soft wheat. Since the war years, all British white bread must contain four added nutrients: two B vitamins (thiamine and niacin), iron and calcium. The B vitamins are generally agreed to be very useful, because much vitamin B is removed with the brown outer layers of the wheat during the milling. The value of adding iron is disputed. There is doubt whether the cheap form of iron permitted in the bread regulations is properly absorbed by the body, and there is further doubt whether a more expensive and easily absorbed form of iron would be advisable. About calcium there is no argument. It was useful when first introduced during the war because milk products, rich sources of calcium, were in short supply. In the seventies only pregnant women would be at any risk of a calcium deficiency if its use were discontinued in bread. As Dr D. M. Widdowson, one of the architects of food policy during the Second World War, said: 'At the time it was introduced there were good reasons for adding calcium to bread. Now there are none.'

So British white bread has two and a half useful nutrients. There are more than two dozen other additives which will not improve your health. It took Tim Foster in the Ministry of Agriculture press office half the morning to sort out all the regulations and supplements pertaining to the contents of 'bread'. He finally arrived at about 26 permitted chemical additives of which fifteen or sixteen would likely be found in a sliced white wrapped loaf. These would include bleach, a mixture of several 'flour improvers', yeast stimulators, emulsifiers, various preservatives and antioxidants. Of course tests are run on these additives before they appear on the approved list, but neither the history of these tests nor the way in which government food committees are organised make that mouthful of white sliced bread rest very easy in the stomach. The food committees are made up of professional amateurs who come to London for one day a month to serve on, for example, the Food Additives and Contaminants Committee. How can Dr D. S. McLaren MB, CHB, MD, BTM & H, PhD, Reader Department of Physiology, University of Edinburgh and Dr Janet R. Cockcroft OBE, MB, CHB, United Kingdom Representative to the United Nations Status of Women Commission be expected to have an intimate knowledge of food additives in the bread industry? This lack of time and real knowledge of the industry under discussion assures that the system is weak and ineffectual.

Here is one cautionary tale. Round about 1903 a bleach called Agene was introduced as an additive in flour. In 1927 a food committee said it should be withdrawn. Nothing was done. Twenty years later Sir Edward Mellanby, a physiologist working with the Medical Research Council and chairman of another food committee, again called for its withdrawal. (It caused running fits in dogs.) By this time Agene was used in 90 per cent of bread flour. Three years later yet a third committee called for its removal, while carefully emphasising that 'no harmful effects to humans have been proved' – thus in one delicately worded sentence obscuring the fact that no tests on humans had been done and that their own and past committees were pitifully impotent. Agene was finally withdrawn in 1955, but it was not until ten years later that someone finally did test the poisonous combination of flour and Agene (Methionine Sulphoximide) on humans. In high doses it was found to cause hallucinations and disorientation.

THE BRITISH WILL BE LUCKY if Agene turns out to be the only dangerous permitted additive, for there is no Government research association or laboratory which undertakes work on flour and bread additives at the request of the food committees for the protection of the consumer. Instead, much of the testing is organised by the Flour Milling and Baking Research Association (FMBRA), two thirds of whose finance comes from the milling and baking trade and one third from the taxpayer. As a result, work which will benefit the bread industry tends to take precedence, while work for the benefit of the consumer gets shelved, sometimes for an amazing length of time.

In 1960 a Government preservatives sub-committee talking about bread additives said: 'In no case do we regard the data as adequate to provide an expression of the absolute safety of any of the treatments.' In plain English that means some of them may yet turn out to be dangerous. In the same year another committee called for further tests to be run on bleaches and improving agents used in bread flour. In 1971 the same committee complained that the data requested in 1960 had not been furnished. In August this year the FMBRA said that data on one bleach and one improver were being forwarded to the toxicology sub-committee. For the FMBRA Dr N. L. Kent said they hoped that as a result the bleach chlorine dioxide would be moved to the 'A' list of absolutely approved additives and used at a higher concentration than before. He said that whether they should be doing research into bread with less additives was up to the Ministry of Agriculture to decide. Concentrated bleach is, of course, a poison, and bleaching agents are forbidden in other Common Market breads.

The lack of consumer protection inherent in the present system of 'amateur' government committees without independent research facilities appears again in the case of BHT (Butylated Hydroxytoluene). This chemical prevents fat used in baking from going rancid, although other methods, such as simply speeding up deliveries or vacuum packing, would have the same effect. In 1960 test animals fed with BHT showed liver enlargements. In most Common Market countries it has never been permitted, and Sweden and Australia have banned its use. In 1963 the Food Standards Committee recommended its withdrawal unless 'over-riding technical need could be proved'. Although technical need never was proved, subsequent committees gradually retreated from this position until in 1971 the use of BHT was completely re-established by another committee because the liver enlargement did not by itself denote a hazard to humans. Dr Kent said that the FMBRA have not been asked to work on BHT. BHT may or may not be a safe substance but it is chilling

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for the stomach of the consumer that it is now incumbent upon a non-existent independent agency to prove its dangers before the committee will reconsider its withdrawal.

The bread industry would not have wished BHT to be withdrawn, especially not in 1963. The year before, the FMBRA's greatest development on behalf of the bread industry was launched. This was the Chorleywood Bread Process, named after the FMBRA's headquarters at Chorleywood. This is a very high speed mixing process which needs vegetable fats (preserved with BHT or its sister BHA) for its success. The process uses a higher proportion of water to flour than traditional methods and less high protein hard wheat. It has saved the factory bakers much time and money while giving the consumer a lower quality loaf. The giant bakeries seem to have won the war. Practically speaking it is inessential for them to prove that any profitable additive is really harmless.

Needless to say, this British bread cannot be sold in other EEC countries. Cross the channel to France and you may damage your liver with booze but not with bread additives. In France the word *pain* is defined as a mixture of soft wheat flour, water, yeast, salt and one preservative, ascorbic acid, better known as synthetic vitamin C. Ironically, there is one exception to this rule: the French 'British' loaf made for toasting. This may contain one antioxidant, propryonic acid, an additive which must be named on the wrapper.

SO FAR the 'unrivalled nutritional value' of factory white bread has only been compared with other white bread. What about brown and wholemeal bread? No one who has done a bit of homework on the subject can be in any doubt that the more of the brown parts of a grain of wheat that go into a loaf of bread, the better it is for human health. With white bread the rot sets in from the first bite. Dr T. H. Grenby, who was employed by the industry to research the effects of bread on teeth, found that although white bread flour alone produced no cavities, white bread flour mixed with sugar, in other words bread and jam or toast and marmalade, caused more cavities even than sugar eaten alone, because the white bread glued the sugar to the teeth, giving it plenty of time to attack the tooth enamel. This combination of flour and sugar still provides 40 per cent of the protein and 70 per cent of the energy among the very poor. Wholewheat flour did not cause cavities with or without sugar, and indeed contains a substance which helps prevent them.

A few hours later, down in the small intestine, it's the same story. Wholemeal bread contains more protein and less carbohydrate than white bread and is far more genuinely a 'slimming bread' than the over-advertised, over-priced brands such as Nimble, where the consumer is simply paying for extra air bubbles and thinner slices. There are at least nineteen nutrients in wholemeal bread. In white bread at least 75 per cent of each nutrient is lost. These missing nutrients, including the very valuable wheatgerm, full of vitamins B and E, are lost in milling or separated and sold as animal feed. Only vitamins B1 and B2 are replaced in the white bread, but vitamin B6 has been used successfully in the treatment of insomnia, various nerve illnesses and skin conditions, while three other B vitamins all have well-established roles in the health of the body, besides being helpful in certain types of anaemia and eye disorders. Vitamin E, almost entirely lost during milling and bleaching, is chronically short in the British diet. Rats fed a vitamin E-free diet suffered sterility, foetal breakdowns and muscle wastage, among other nasties. It is claimed that vitamin E can be used successfully to treat human sterility and very bad wounds and burns.

The bread (right) and flour (above) factories of Ranks Hovis McDougall.

But it is below the belt that the overwhelming advantages of wholemeal bread become critical. Constipation in Britain is so common as to be almost normal. Lakes of liquid laxatives and tons of solid ones are dispensed yearly. It is now established medical opinion that this is largely due to the refined low-fibre diet which we, in common with the other rich nations, have enjoyed in the last 50 years. A most useful form and quantity of this fibre is found in wholemeal bread. This bran is not absorbed by the body but passes through the intestines, bulking up other waste materials and keeping them moist so that they pass softly and easily through the bowels. In poor countries without food manufacturing industries to speak of, much fibre has to be eaten in order for the body to get enough protein and energy. An Assamese rice farmer eats a minimum of two pounds of plain brown rice every day, an extraordinary feat compared with a normal western portion of two ounces. As a result, third world turds weigh in at over a pound a day, food takes only 35 to 40 hours to pass through the body, and diseases of the intestine, including appendicitis, are far rarer than in the west. British turds are much smaller and stiffer and need much more muscular effort to push them along the colon. Digestion and excretion take three to four days among young adults and commonly over two weeks among the elderly. Years of constipation, besides building up interesting libraries in lavatories, also leads to the unpleasant condition known as diverticulosis. After years of pushing, little ruptures appear in the walls of the bowel, forming pockets in which shit gathers and sometimes becomes infected. Although no direct link between these infected ruptures and cancer has been found, cancer of the bowel is now the second most common cancer in Britain, and at least one textbook on the management of constipation states that 'constipation, diverticulosis and malignancy can be traced back to a low-fibre diet'.

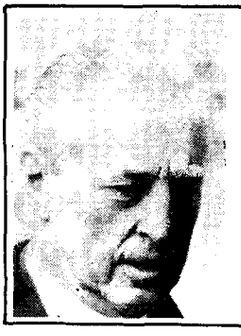
So keen were the big bakers to retain their animal food business rather than offer the public a product of real nutritional value that in 1971 they asked the FMBRA to undertake defensive research to try to disprove the fibre theory. The summary of their conclusions balances precariously on the fence between research results and the wishes of their milling masters with logic biting the dust:

> It is concluded that the bran hypothesis is untenable but this is not to deny a role for fibre of different origin.

Meanwhile the big bakers go on marketing 94 per cent white bread. Only two per cent or less of farm animals (fed on wheat germ and bran) need to see the vet each year, while 23 per cent of the human population need regular or continuous medication. This juxtaposition of statistics is a bit frivolous, but there is no doubt that if wholemeal bread became the majority taste there would be a real improvement in the national health.

THEN WHY DO WE EAT about 47 million loaves of white bread a week? What is not evident to the average bread and jam eater is that the big bakers are much bigger millers and would lose money if the British got the taste for wholemeal bread. We are not given a free choice. The 'wide choice' they boasted of to the Monopolies Commission actually means the same polluted white dough, moulded and baked into a range of shapes and sizes to give an illusion of choice.

To see what a free choice would really be we have to cross the North Sea. In Norway only about 25 per cent of the market is in white bread and this is mostly sold for toasting. Apart from three kinds of white bread, the local baker sells about ten other varieties, not shapes, of wheat and rye bread. In Germany, no homeproud hausfrau would lay the breakfast or supper table without a variety of breads ranging from white to blackest pumpernickel. Your average CD housewife living in Leeds with 2.7 children doesn't like brown or wholemeal bread, says Mr Charlton of ABF. She 'prefers' white sliced wrapped bread; this is bland and convenient. This assertion is made on behalf of a monopolistic industry which has used its power to enforce the white bread habit in its own interest. A survey conducted in Manchester in 1973 by the Technological Assessment Consumerism Centre found that not one assistant in the 35



THE GUILTY MAN: The late Garfield Weston who arrived in Britain in the thirties, pockets bulging with Canadian wheat and cash, to embark on a buying spree in the British baking industry.

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shops visited could correctly define the difference between Hovis, granary and wholemeal breads and only two of the shops sold a real wholemeal loaf. Besides being difficult to find, wholemeal bread is always several pence more expensive than white bread. Even Mr Charlton admitted that wrapped sliced bread is bought solely for cheapness and there is no brand loyalty. There was just one fortnight when Ranks Hovis charged a half penny more for their loaves than the (then) other two big bakers. The resulting drop in sales staggered the company.

In spite of the disincentives of higher price and unavailability, there are signs that brown bread is becoming more popular. One large general hospital has recently switched to all wholemeal bread for its patients and has been amazed at the appreciative response. And in the last ten years the whole food co-operative movement has had an impact on most privileged under-forties. This trend is not, as Mr Charlton suggested, restricted to the AB income group. Mr Eric Hirst, a master baker in Deptford, one of the poorest parts of London, says that during the two bread strikes, when his queue stretched half round the block, it was easiest for him to increase his production of wholemeal bread. As a result many of his custoners were forced to buy wholemeal bread for the first time. Since then his sales of wholemeal bread have stayed at three times their pre-strike level.

How on earth have the British, with a great tradition of bread making and eating, got into this mess? The first villain is the enormous steel roller mill, which thundered into production in 1880, soon ousting the piddling little stone grinding mills. Stone mills made very good wholemeal flour but couldn't get paler than light brown. For the really white bread of the rich this flour then had to be sieved through silk. Steel roller mills, by contrast, are not suited to the production of wholemeal flour. Sets of steel rollers break open the wheat grain, scrape out the white wheat starch and reduce it to powder. Then huge sieves 'scalp' off the yellow discs of the wheatgerm and the brown sheathes of bran, which together make up the 28 per cent of the grain sold to those lucky animals. Meanwhile, the 72 per cent 'release' of fine white flour pours down into the storage vats.

In 1880 really white bread was a novelty for the poor and at least four times as much was eaten, for it was a major source of protein. Lunch for at least one Scottish elementary school in 1900 was provided by a baker's roundsman who arrived in the playground with a great basketful of white bread cut in chunks. He sat on the ground, cut the chunks open and smeared syrup from a big square tin inside each one. These nutritionists' delights sold for a half penny each.

By the late twenties, people could already afford more varied food, and the demand for bread had fallen by a quarter. The mills began to go bankrupt, and the Millers' Mutual Association was formed, partly to buy up their machinery and prevent new competition from entering the market. At this time most bakers were craftsmen, baking for one or two shops. The Co-op was the only big baker with 20 per cent of the market.

THEN, IN 1932, Mr Garfield Weston stepped off the boat, his pockets loaded with Canadian wheat and baking profits, and immediately began to buy up bakery businesses. He closed down the small ones and modernised and enlarged the big ones. The bakeries were supplied with Canadian flour until the outbreak of war, when he was forced to change to home-produced flour. When flour was decontrolled again, he stopped buying from Ranks and Spillers and returned to Canadian flour. This put the wind up Ranks and Spillers who thought they might end up with no market for their flour, so they joined the bakery buying game.

In 1961, Mr Weston, now chairman of the enormous conglomerate called Associated

Camera Press

Bread as it ought to (and can) be.

British Foods, began buying mills himself in case EEC membership might in future prevent him from obtaining his Canadian wheat at a good price. He also bought chains of retail bread shops, generally closing down the small bakeries which supplied them and sending supplies from his central bread factories. At present ABF owns over 2,000 retail shops, including the Fine Fare chain of supermarkets, Broomfields, ABC, Betabake and many other familiar names, retained in order that the High Street customers should presume their independence. Ranks did the same, but on a smaller scale.

The result of all this acquisitiveness was that when the bread and flour industry was investigated by the Monopolies Commission in 1976, there were only 39 independent millers left in Britain, as opposed to over 2,000 in 1935. ABF, RHM and Spillers shared 80 per cent of the milling industry and 61 per cent of the bread market.

The Monopolies Commission Report was published in 1977. Although it uncovered loans by the big three to master bakers tied to an exclusive contract to sell them flour, and nearly 30 per cent discounts on bread sales to supermarkets (over 70 restrictive practices were subsequently registered with the Office of Fair Trading), it did not conclude that a monopoly existed at that time. In April 1978, Spillers withdrew from the baking business and offered 13 of its bakeries to the other two. Mr Roy Hattersley, then Minister for Prices and Consumer Protection, said in Parliament on 13 April 1978: 'Despite strong argument to the contrary, my colleague and I are allowing the sale to go ahead without reference to the Monopolies Commission, in order to save 5,100 jobs.' This weak and unfortunate decision gave 5,100 poor sods, most of them doing unskilled, underpaid and unhealthy work, jobs for one year. (According to the Bakers' Union, since the end of that year 1,000 of them have already been made redundant.) Mr Hattersley could have re-referred the industry to the Commission and thereby gained the power to press for change, but he chose the path of political expedience.

Mr Hattersley is the last in a long line of weak government villains who since the war have made lots and lots of regulations, held lots of committees and completely failed to change the direction in which Mr Garfield (and latterly Mr Garry) Weston, obediently followed by Mr Joseph Rank, and trailed sadly by Mr Michael Vernon of Spillers, have taken the industry. This policy is very good for ABF's profits and for the Weston family, who own 72 per cent of the share capital, but bad for their work force, their competitors and the rest of the population.

Bread factories have a very high turnover of labour, and not surprisingly, for the employees are mostly immigrants who stay in baking only until they can find a less unpleasant way to earn their living. Assembly line techniques are used and the work is mostly unskilled. ('So long as you can tell the red button from the green, you get a job', said Mr Paul Fagoo of the Bakers' Union.) Seventy per cent of the baking is done at night, and although bakeries are supposed to run a three shift system, they mostly work only two shifts. Therefore, a 60 hour week is the norm and 70 quite common in order to bring take-home pay to a decent level. Even after two bread strikes, unskilled Bakers' Union employees only get £1.23 per hour plus 20 per cent extra for night work. Their take-home pay is rarely over £60 for work from Sunday night through to Friday night, often 12 hours on, 12 hours off, 7 p.m. to 7 a.m.

Nor are the conditions any better than the pay. Accident rates are high (up to 69 per 1,000 employees per year in bread and cake-making). The most common accidents are caused by slipping on the greasy floors, burns and finger slicings in the razor-like dough dividers. The mills are no safer. HM Chief Inspector of Factories in 1973 gave the rates of reported accidents in mills as 50 per 1,000 as against the rate for all manufacturing industries of 35 per 1,000. Milling had a higher accident rate than any other sector of the food industry except bacon and meat carving. Neither milling nor baking are good for the general health. The flour dust in the air in mills causes or worsens asthma and bronchitis, especially among smokers, while baking is extremely hot, leading to severe dehydration and dermatitis. With the constant centralisation and mechanisation of milling and baking, there have been enormous numbers of jobs lost over the last 40 years, and there is little job security among the remaining unskilled labour force.

The dominant position of the big two in milling and baking also allows them to put the squeeze on the remaining 5,000 independent small bakers because of their control of the supply of flour. None of the remaining 39 independent millers is big enough to produce more than 40 sacks of flour per hour. The Monopolies Commission reported that 'significant economics of scale' become possible when a mill has a capacity of over 60 sacks of flour per hour, with the maximum economies being made in mills with a capacity of between 80 and 100 sacks per hour. Most of ABF and RHM's mills are very large and can take greatest advantage of these economies of scale, but they sell to the master bakers at the same price as the little independent millers. As a result ABF's return on capital invested in 1975 was 55 per cent (historic cost basis). They also sell the vast bulk consignments of flour to their bakery division at the same price as they sell it by the sack to the individual

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bakers. This arrangement may be helping the independent millers keep their heads above water, but only just, for in a sample of 18 studied by the Commission, seven had made a loss in 1975. From the point of view of the master baker, the high price which he is forced to pay for flour makes it more difficult for him to go on making hand-moulded bread at a competitive price.

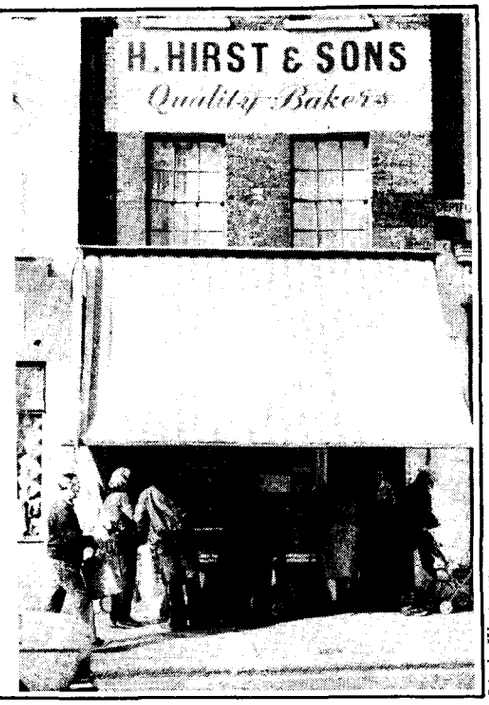
The Monopolies Commission were prepared to overlook the very high price at which the milling divisions of ABF and RHM (and Spillers too at that time) sold flour to their own baking divisions because they said that the milling and baking profits taken together were not excessive. But this missed the point. The very inflated price at which the bakery divisions buy flour allows bakery profits to be marginal, so that there is always superficially a good reason for another bread price rise. If these increases in the price of bread were really vital, ABF and RHM could not go on offering 22½ per cent discounts to supermarkets, for whom the bread and cakes supplied by the big two companies are the most profitable items that they sell, accounting for 14 per cent of their profit on seven per cent of their shelf space.

The 'unrivalled cheapness' of the big bakers' submission to the Monopolies Commission is quite untrue when measured against the cost of other basic foods. This fiction can only be maintained because they control the sale of flour to their competitors and can therefore always undercut them by a few pennies while keeping the powerful supermarkets satisfied.

The two qualities that the average British housewife looks for in bread are said (by Mr Charlton, at least) to be cheapness and freshness. If the cheapness has turned out to be an illusionist's trick, so too has the freshness Because bread factories are now so many miles from the shops where the bread is sold, all the chemical additives have become necessary to keep bread soft and give an impression of freshness. In fact, wrapped bread may be up to 28 hours old when it goes on to the supermarket shelf. In a shop with a slow turnover or a lazy manager, it may be much older before it goes in your shopping basket.

In the last ten years, the demand for fresh, crusty bread has led to the opening of hot bread shops such as ABF's Oven Door chain, and in store bakeries in supermarkets. Although this is much tastier than old flabby bread, it is, with certain worthy exceptions, the same dough baked into lots of shapes.

What are these two greedy companies with their nearly two-thirds share of the bread market really offering the consumer? Certainly not the 'unrivalled cheapness, nutritional quality and wide choice' of their boast to the Monopolies Commission (and the less said about the means by which they procure the 'unrivalled keeping quality' the better for them). What they force upon the market is a convenient, chemically preserved food of consistently low quality, priced at a few pennies below the competition. It probably does no harm eaten occasionally as part of a diet containing plenty of protein, fruit, vegetables and roughage, but the poor and the elderly eat most bread and are likely to be most swayed by its convenience and cheapness. For these people, whose diet is already likely to contain much sugar and pre-cooked and preserved foods, a poor quality fibreless bread, lacking most of its vitamins and minerals, and treated with additives, none of which are 'absolutely safe', is a major factor in causing unnecessary ill-health and suffering.



Linda Westmore

ERIC HIRST's bakery in Deptford is run with the help of his uncle Fred, whose father started it. Mr Hirst's wife manages the shop, his brother-in-law is the third baker and his son Russell is doing his baker training at college and works part-time. They bake their bread in brick ovens built in the time of Nelson: the bricks have no mortar and stay in place only through heat expansion. They must be fired every day or they will cave in. As the ovens cool they are used to bake cakes and pies, before being fired again for bread baking.

Eric Hirst buys his white flour from Pledge's, an independent miller in Kent, his wholewheat flour from Allinsons and his cake and Hovis flour from RHM. He has won the national Hovis making championship on several occasions. He admits adding a Belgian improver, containing soya flour, milk powder and seven chemicals, to his bread to give it a better rise. Like all hand-moulded bread, Mr Hirst's can be identified as the real thing by the white rice dust sticking to the bottom of it; a dimpled bottom denotes a conveyor belt and a plant bakery.

LUCKILY FOR THE CONSUMER, worthwhile alternatives to factory bread still hold about 27 per cent of the market. The main victims of the activities of the Big Two over the years have been the master bakers. Oddly enough, Mr Morris Zimmerman, Director of the Association of Master Bakers, doesn't think the present situation does his members any harm. He doesn't believe in 'knocking the competition,' or in Government interference, and thinks that if legislation were passed to force the plant bakers to improve their quality, his members could no longer sell a superior product at higher prices. He thought the present situation suited all parties.

Masterbakers who have closed down over the years would not agree: the gradual advance of supermarket bread, the difficulty of getting good staff and the impossibility of making a decent living from the long hours have driven them from business. The economics of businesses which remain, such as Mr Hirst's (see box on this page), are often unconventional. And the baker at Neal's Yard – a London wholemeal bakery which employs 15 people – says that although they are all making a good living it is not enough to buy a house or support a family.

Recent studies in food policy agree that in order to combat the degenerative diseases with which we and other rich western nations are plagued, it is necessary to return to a diet in which more of our energy is supplied by fibrous carbohydrate foods and much less by animal fat, sugar and refined white flour. The most obvious source of this fibrous carbohydrate is wholemeal bread, which also contains good levels of protein, vitamins and minerals.

The last 40 years in the bread and flour industry have been a cautionary tale of what damage one very greedy, very able, very rich man can do in a supposed democracy, when the circumstances are in his favour and government checks too weak and unsupported to stop him. Perhaps the tide of public opinion has now turned against factory bread towards a purer, fresher product, but there will have to be many changes before the harm done by Mr Weston is repaired, let alone before the food policist's dream of each of us eating half a loaf of wholemeal bread a day comes true. Those changes must include effective government food committees with independent research facilities, so that it no longer takes 28 years for a dangerous additive to be removed from a staple food. If the food committees are to remain amateur they must hear not only the well-developed evidence of the bread and flour industry for yet more additives, but an equal weight from independent experts. Then the industry must be referred again to a Monopolies Commission, so that changes can be forced, especially in the big two millers' vice-like grip on flour supplies. Only then will milling and baking cease to be dying trades, and bread which smells of yeast and tastes of wheat be available in every High Street.

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"Even an inexpensive wine should always taste like wine."

PÈRE PATRIARCHE
RED & WHITE VIN DE TABLE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY PATRIARCHE
For once, don't worry about the wine.

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CAMBODIA
John Pilger

The aid agencies play politics while a nation starves

The 'filthy affair' of denying relief

LAST WEEK the International Committee of the Red Cross telexed the NEW STATESMAN to say that it wished to 'withdraw' a letter for publication following my Cambodia report on 21 September. The letter, signed by Alain Moudoux, head of public relations in Geneva, had merely protested the ICRC's 'neutrality' – that is, its insistence on supplying the Khmer Rouge as a pre-condition to mounting a relief programme for most of the population – and confirmed that only 100 tons of relief (or, as M. Moudoux put it, 'more than' 100 tons) had been sent by Geneva to Phnom Penh: in effect, virtually nothing.

The withdrawal of the letter is perhaps symptomatic of the debilitating malaise affecting both the world's leading international relief agencies, the ICRC and the United Nations Children's Fund, UNICEF. Cambodia has traumatised them; their spokesmen no longer know what to say, for what can they say? While every day hundreds of Khmer children die from lack of the simplest things – powdered milk, rice, anti-biotics, vitamins, anti-malarials – the bureaucracies of the two agencies struggle to cover their inaction and to create the illusion that they *are* doing something.

For example, the ICRC's announcement on 27 September that the Phnom Penh government had acceded to its 'programme' was a deception, aimed, no doubt, at forcing the Cambodian authorities to accept the seemingly endless caravan of conditions, guarantees, political strings etc., that would roll into Cambodia behind the 'neutral' services of the Red Cross. What it did force was an official denial from Phnom Penh and a shoring up of the deeply felt suspicion, in both Cambodia and Vietnam, that the ICRC and UNICEF represent not humanitarianism, but a Trojan horse.

This is a justifiable fear, because the culpable denial of relief by the international agencies – culpable, because they have representatives in Cambodia who report the daily spectacle of death – accurately reflects the twisted politics of the West toward Cambodia. The aim of these politics is, as the *Guardian* outlined in a perceptive leader on 25 September, '. . . to structure aid to Cambodia in such a way as to give minimum legitimacy to Heng Samrin (the Phnom Penh government) and maximum help to Pol Pot . . . and to pursue the unrealistic aim of using an army of aid officials in Cambodia as a means of "internationalising" that country and opening it up to Sihanouk'. In last Sunday's *Observer*, Brian Eads, the paper's Bangkok correspondent, quoted a relief official as saying that the ICRC and UNICEF 'want absolute licence, a radio station, diplomatic status. They want powers and assurances that would make them more powerful than the Government in Phonm Penh. It's easy to see how this is unacceptable!'

On the surface, the ICRC's major demand – that it be permitted to supply what is left of the Khmer Rouge – might seem reasonable on strictly humanitarian grounds. But in practice it is as much a fiction as the United Nations 'recognition' of a non-existent Pol Pot regime; and the ICRC knows it. When I asked a senior ICRC man in Geneva if the Khmer Rouge had agreed to *all* the demands imposed on Phnom Penh, he replied, 'No, of course not. We would have to do pretty much as we're doing now: drop the stuff over the Thai border and get out quickly'. Those who have glimpsed the Khmer Rouge camps confirm that 'dropped' food is not reaching the people, but feeding the Khmer Rouge 'black shits', the most enduring fanatics of Pol Pot's army of genocide. (These murderers are the 'government' to which Britain gave its vote at the United Nations.)

ONE OF THE most anaemic excuses for not mounting an aid programme – that food might be syphoned off to the Vietnamese army – has been abandoned, probably because tales of Vietnamese soldiers harassing supply convoys (tales dispensed mostly by the US Embassy in Bangkok, said: 'These stories are unfounded. Jacques Danois, a senior UNICEF man in Bangkok, said, 'These stories are unfounded. The distribution is very satisfactory. We do have control of the relief and we are convinced that it is reaching civilians'. Then *why* don't the agencies scuttle their transparently political conditions and get on with saving the Khmer people from extinction?

The answer lies in the obvious. Most of UNICEF's budget comes from the US Government and UNICEF and the ICRC have jointly formulated their grounded Cambodia operation. For all its pretensions of neutrality, the Red Cross depends on mostly Western exchequers for its funds. 'If we run counter to the interests of certain governments', the ICRC official told me, 'we run the risk of not getting any money'. This is only half true; the timorous nature of the ICRC bureaucracy is also a major factor. If Geneva simply decided to go ahead and to save lives, public opinion in Western countries would support its efforts and the politicians would follow. The British Government last Saturday announced that it would give £4 million to Cambodia, mostly via the ICRC and UNICEF; and public opinion was undoubtedly the catalyst.

Lord Carrington's announcement of the £4 million followed a press conference in Geneva last Friday at which the ICRC and UNICEF launched an appeal to governments for £50 million for Cambodia. The British contribution is, of course, splendid; but will it get there? Or, perhaps more to the point, is it merely a gesture? The answer to this question is paramount, because there is a disquieting side to the ICRC 'appeal'. There has been no indication that the relief agencies have modified their intransigence on the conditions I have outlined, or that any agreement has been reached with Phnom Penh. I put this to a veteran relief agency official, who has followed the Cambodia tragedy with deepening melancholy. He said: 'We are holding our breath. The Red Cross and UNICEF are going ahead, fully aware of the obstruction that lies ahead and that it is of their making. They also know that *they* are causing attitudes to harden in Phnom Penh and that there is the possibility of a confrontation what they are trying on is "gunboat relief". It's so dammed cynical. There are even breathless stories in Geneva about the possibility of "our planes being shot at". I pray that all this is not true, that an informal agreement we don't know about has been reached. But I have to say that in all the years I have been in the business of helping people in distress, I have never known such a filthy affair'.

The purely political question of who is seen to be governing Cambodia remains at the root of why the relief agencies have pursued the fiction of 'two sides' and have allowed thousands to starve during the three months since the Phnom Penh government appealed for relief. (A whole month passed before the ICRC replied.) In 1970 Western governments rushed to recognise the Lon Nol military regime, even though it administered only the towns and highways, because Lon Nol complied with the West's (that is, America's) strategic interests in the region. The relief agencies followed suit. The Heng Samrin government administers the towns, the highways and most of the countryside. But the West, in defiance of the tradition of basing recognition on the control of territory, refuses even de facto recognition, because it was brought to power with help from Vietnam. As Evan Luard, a member of the UN Human Rights Commission, pointed out in the *Guardian* last week: 'When another brutal regime was overthrown in an exactly similar way in Uganda earlier this year we (and the UN) recognised it immediately, even while foreign forces remained on Ugandan soil and while fighting continued.'

One of the most depressing aspects to this 'filthy affair' is the inexorable drift back to an atmosphere similar to that which burdened South East Asia in the early Sixties. Under the here-we-go-again headline, UNCLE SAM ARMS THE THAIS, the current *Newsweek* reports:

> The US is pouring arms into Thailand . . . Washington's arms sales to Bangkok add up to 400 million dollars so far this year, about four times the average of recent years. The Pentagon is jumping Thailand to the head of the line for deliveries of N-48 Patton tanks, anti-tank missiles, mortars and M-16 rifles.

Of course, the difference between the 1960s and 1979 is that America has a new and powerful friend in the region, China. From 23 October the airspace over the Gulf of Tonkin will be 'dangerous', according to a Peking announcement. The Chinese are conducting naval and air manoeuvres within sight of Haiphong, Vietnam's most important port and its only intact industrial centre. The Vietnamese expect a Chinese attack from the sea at the end of the month. Once again, they are beleaguered, militarily and economically. If they pull out of Cambodia, they will be exposed on the west and the Chinese surely will try to re-install Pol Pot; if they stay in Cambodia, they will be outlawed internationally and the West's embargo on them will continue to have the precise effect of forcing them deeper into the arms of the Soviet Union.

Last week Robert MacNamara, the head of the World Bank, said that political strings demanded by the American government were preventing food aid from reaching one and a quarter million people throughout the world. He made special mention of Vietnam which, although itself on the edge of famine, is also

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attempting to feed Cambodia. Coming from MacNamara, a former Defence Secretary and an LBJ hawk, this statement has particular credibility and confirms the effectiveness of the most powerful weapon in America's armoury: the denial of food. And nowhere is that weapon more lethal than in once deliciously obscure and bountiful Cambodia, whose neutrality was destroyed by American bombs.

I sat last Sunday in a film editing room above Berwick Street in Soho watching some of the 12 hours of footage which director David Munro and I brought back from Cambodia for an ATV documentary (and which, incidentally, the ACTT have given us dispensation to make). The images of dying, crying starving children are so horrific that I suggested that viewers may not be able to 'take it': that we should delete some of them. But we are not going to do that; for those eyes set in faces that are almost skulls, which still bring tears to those of us who filmed them, will indict every accessory to their preventable death: every relief agency man who makes his craven excuses for doing nothing, every impeccable politician and foreign policy bureaucrat who never sees such children and participates, in however minor a role, in the 'filthy affair' that is the denial of food and medicines for political reasons. All the children in our film are now dead.

John Pilger is a special writer on the Daily Mirror.

CRIME
Martin Short

What has been going on in the Criminal Intelligence Branch?

All in the cause of friendship

ON FRIDAY 5 October former Detective Chief Superintendent John Groves was convicted at the Old Bailey for passing a confidential Criminal Intelligence dossier to the late Sir Eric Miller, in contravention of the Official Secrets Act. Groves was acquitted on four charges of corruption. MARTIN SHORT reports.

'EVERYBODY WANTS A PIECE of Eric Miller' the philanthropic Chairman and Managing Director of the Peachey Property Corporation once told his snooker-playing chum Detective Chief Superintendent John Groves. In contrast Groves himself wanted only Miller's friendship. It was a friendship which cost Peachey, rather than the thieving spendthrift knight himself, £1,274.85 worth of meals, self-drive and chauffeur-driven cars, overnights and hospitality at the Churchill Hotel and a family holiday in Scotland. Groves also enjoyed gratis from Miller himself a £600-a-head trip to Israel (along with 99 other notables) for the Bar Mitzvah of Sir Eric's son Robert. Groves claims he always intended to pay Miller back for the Scots holiday and the self-drive car hire, if not for the rest, and overall he appears to have convinced the jury that high-ranking Scotland Yard detectives may generally free-load to this staggering degree off rich friends like Miller with no taint of corruption.

In Groves' defence it has to be said that his conduct was typical of the many eminent spongers and hangers-on – footballers, politicians and fund-raisers – who clustered around Miller.

But Groves did perform one function for Miller which his jury could not overlook: he gave him access to highly sensitive material from that least-known but most crucial of Scotland Yard's detective sections: C11, otherwise known as the Criminal Intelligence Branch.

C11 was established in 1961 to collate in an accessible form the vast mass of knowledge (both probable fact and plausible hearsay) about criminal activity in the Metropolis which had hitherto languished in disparate files in distant squads or divisions, or had been wasting away in the heads of rival detective warlords jealously guarding their sources. Through the 1960s it grew to a strength of some 80 detectives, the majority of whom ground away filing other people's original information. Hardly any less tedious was the increasing load of surveillance work they were also performing on behalf of the Flying Squad and the Regional Crime Squad. By 1970 some 16 Criminal Intelligence officers practically lived on their motorbikes while a further 17 were working full-time on 'intercepts' (phone-tapping) from their 'Listening Post' somewhere near Chelsea Barracks. At that time C11 wasn't likely to attract the most ambitious detectives or Gung-Ho, boot-in-the door thief-takers. Nevertheless its work was recognised internally as so valuable that C11 officers hardly ever appeared in court as prosecution witnesses for fear of 'blowing their cover'.

At the same time, however, serious worries had arisen about C11's manifest shortcomings. Provincial chief constables, for instance, resented the fact that all their authorised phone-taps were handled and interpreted not by their own detectives but by C11 officers in London. This procedure seemed especially unjustified since the fruits of C11's own *Metropolitan* phone-taps which might have been helpful to *provincial* police-work were not always passed on.

There was growing disquiet about C11 among London policemen too. Through the 1960s Criminal Intelligence had been failing to perceive changing patterns in crime and had proved stubbornly oblivious to what was staring most lay observers in the face: that international organised crime was breaking into London on a massive scale. Blinkered, perhaps, by the conventional 'cops-and-robbers' mentality of its main employers, the Flying Squad and the RCS, Criminal Intelligence was reluctant to consider crime connected with casinos or vice as anything but trivial. When the Mafia was at last ousted from the Colony Club in 1967 and its representatives were 'gated' by the Home Secretary the impetus came not from C11 in Scotland Yard but from Robert Kennedy (then US Attorney-General) in Washington. And as late as 1974 when the Serious Crimes squad from Limehouse homed in on Bernie Silver and the Maltese 'mafia' controlling Soho vice it sought no intelligence from C11. It could be argued that C11's difficulties in acknowledging the growth of organised crime arose simply because its view of the function of criminal intelligence was rather more passive than that of its critics. But there is, inevitably, another explanation; the now familiar 'enemy within'.

Consider Bernie Silver. In the early 1970s junior C11 officers took photographs in Soho of this subsequently notorious club-owner and vice king. But back in the C11 offices at Scotland Yard senior officers took these photos away, along with the negatives. They were never seen again. Silver was apparently dismissed as an old lag who had given up the criminal game. At a subsequent C11 dinner held at the Oval Bernie Silver was a guest at the top table. No doubt most of the officers sitting with him had no idea who or what he was. In December 1974 Silver was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for living off the earnings of prostitution.

It also became noticeable at the time of the porn and flying squad corruption scandals generated by Jimmy Humphreys' allegations, that no information detrimental to Metropolitan police officers ever seemed to come up on phone-taps monitored by C11. During the subsequent corruption inquiry an order had to be made by the Deputy Commissioner that all such intelligence coming up on C11 phone taps was to be handed to the investigators. On at least two occasions amnesia prevailed rather than compliance until the information was forcibly disgorged.

C11's failure to get to grips with Judah Bistock is equally disturbing. This former Rachman solicitor and casino entrepreneur was exposed in the trial of his stockbroker Lewis Altman in 1977-78 as a master fraudsman who had undoubtedly hatched a revolving dollar premium fraud netting two and a third

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million irrecoverable pounds from the UK Treasury. From at least 1966 Binstock should have been in C11's sights for other serious matters which had certainly brought him to the attention of uniformed officers. His involvement with the Victoria Sporting Club, especially, should have caught the eye of one C11 officer specialising in casinos, Michael Franklin. Only in 1969 did a C11 docket appear on the Victoria Sporting Club. Simultaneously Binstock earned a card entry himself but this simply referred the curious back to the VSC docket. Not until 1975 did Binstock get his own docket. The atmosphere was no doubt a little more robust in C11 by this time. The same Michael Franklin, who had hitherto been singly responsible for collating intelligence on international organised crime, had left the force in 1972 to become an employee of none other than Judah Binstock.

Franklin's defection was to cause severe embarrassment to C11. Indeed, in 1976 senior officers there considered putting an intercept on their former colleague's phone, a course of action which, not surprisingly, was rejected. In C11 circles there is still some coyness about Franklin. At Groves' trial Detective Inspector John Shoemake, who had inherited the then one-man role of International Organised Crime Unit from Franklin, was asked by Groves's counsel about this man 'who had gone wrong and went off with Binstock'. Shoemake replied that he wouldn't say Franklin had 'gone wrong'. He would prefer to say he had 'left the force and gone into some sort of commerce'.

It was into this somewhat demoralised squad that John Groves was recruited in December 1973 as the superintendent in charge of 'operations', and number three in C11's line of command. Groves' friendship with Eric Miller was to echo and quite uncannily overlap with the Franklin-Binstock association. Miller and Binstock had been long-standing partners in what John Shoemake would call 'commerce'. John Groves had been in the Flying Squad in 1968 when a colleague, Detective Inspector Michael Miller (no relation), introduced him to the rising property man. Groves then saw Eric Miller only occassionally until in 1974 shortly after his recruitment to C11, he, was sick at home recovering from a motor accident. Eric Miller telephoned to ask after his health and from then on the friendship blossomed. The men had several interests in common; snooker, football and sons of the same age. Groves took to inviting Miller to Criminal Intelligence social functions: lunch at Scotland Yard with other senior officers, and the C11 annual dinner at the Europa in 1976. Groves obviously enjoyed Miller's unabated largesse, especially the flattery of VIP tickets to the Beating of the Retreat on Horseguards Parade in June 1975. He also attended the subsequent reception at 10 Downing Street as the guest of Harold Wilson who, along with the future Lady Falkender, was at that time a good friend of Eric Miller's.

It was Miller's friendship with Wilson, and his substantial generosity to certain sections of the Labour Party, which won him his knighthood in Sir Harold's resignation honours. But by September 1976 the cracks in Peachey's finances were showing. Miller could no longer conceal the scale of his thefts. His only hope was to recover £280,000 which, he claimed, Binstock owed him. He needed all the dirt he could get on Binstock to make him pay. And it was at this point that his true friend John Groves came to his rescue. On 15 September 1976 Judah Binstock was stopped by a Customs Officer at London Airport after a tip-off from Special Branch. In his brief-case was a mass of financial as well as personal papers which the Customs officer scrutinised. Binstock snatched back the papers, said they were of no interest to Customs and no further use to himself, tore them up and threw them into a waste-paper basket. The Customs man allowed Binstock to fly off to Paris and then painstakingly pieced the papers together. In due course some of these documents helped bring Lewis Altman, Binstock's stockbroker to trial and conviction for the dollar premium fraud master-minded by Binstock. A warrant was later issued for Binstock's own arrest but the master fraudsman has never returned to this country.

Binstock's patchwork papers wers studied not just by the Treasury, pursuing dollar premium frauds, but also by the Special Branch, the Serious Crimes Squad and the United States Embassy. In particular 154 pages were forwarded to C11 to fill out the International Organised Crime Unit's still scanty Binstock docket. Within hours Eric Miller learned of the London Airport incident and the seized Binstock papers. Within weeks, probably on 10 October, John Groves prised C11's Binstock bundle out of Shoemake and took it round to Miller at Peachey's headquarters in Park West, Edgware Road. Miller told his in-house accountant Mike Kattel to make two copies. Twenty minutes later, Kattel returned to Miller's office with the copies, to find John Groves sitting there. After Miller was forced out of the company in March 1977, Kattel handed the copy he had kept to his new Chairman Lord Mais. Soon afterwards it was handed on to Commander (now Deputy Assistant Commissioner) Ron Steventon at Scotland Yard.

In January 1977, on promotion to Chief Superintendent, Groves left C11 to go to H Division. But he still intervened at Criminal Intelligence on the pretext that Eric Miller had valuable information to provide on Judah Binstock. To Inspector Shoemake, whom Groves persuaded to meet Miller at his bedside in the London Clinic, it appeared that Miller was far less interested in giving information than in getting it. Still pursuing his alleged £280,000 debt Miller wanted to know where Binstock was and what he was wanted for. He tried to extract Michael Franklin's telephone number from Shoemake but without success. But Groves' aid to Miller was suddenly ended. In March 1977, the revelation in *Private Eye* that Groves had been on the Bar Mitzvah trip at Miller's expense forced a Yard inquiry. It seems that Miller and Groves never met again after that. On 7 July 1977 D. A. C. Steventon produced the rabbit of Binstock's papers out of his hat, as well as new evidence of Miller's lavish treatment of Groves. At the end of a gruelling interview that day Groves resigned from the Metropolitan Police.

The lenient attitude displayed by both Judge and jury towards Groves in his trial is largely explained by the evidence which emerged about how many other officers had enjoyed Miller's hospitality. Not only the reluctant Shoemake but also Commander Dave Dilley, who headed C11 from 1971 to 1976, lunched at Miller's expense. Dilley and D. A. C. Ernie Bond were both Miller's guests at a Grand Order of Water Rats' charity lunch in December 1975. According to Groves Dilley, over a meal with Miller, discussed his own career prospects as he neared retirement. According to Groves, Eric Miller had previously arranged for his old friend Inspector Michael Miller to get a job with Sir Charles Clore as security chief for Selfridges. Sir Eric said he didn't wish to appear to be enticing top Yard talent into premature retirement. Not long afterwards Dave Dilley too joined Sir Charles Clore as security chief for the whole of Sears Holdings.

In June 1975 John Groves commissioned a special report on Eric Miller from Sgt Eric Lilley of C6's Commercial Crime Intelligence Bureau. Lilley revealed Miller as dishonest, corrupt and ruthlessly self-seeking: 'A very unpleasant person who would screw anyone for a fast buck'. It seems Groves never told his Commander Dave Dilley of C6's view of Miller. On the contrary, he continued to provide Eric Miller with opportunities to ingratiate himself with his boss. Dilley told the Court that had he known of the C6 report he would probably have advised Groves not to go on the Bar Mitzvah trip. One might ask how the head of Criminal Intelligence could have failed to have been informed by C6 of the crooked nature of his squad's distinguished and regular guest.

What Eric Miller got out of all this is not clear. His friendship with Groves certainly secured him those Binstock papers but they proved to be no help in recovering his alleged debts or reversing his overall business decline. Nothing could have stopped him being tried and imprisoned for what he had been doing at Peachey. Hence his suicide on 22nd September 1977. If, of course, it really was suicide.

C11 has been going through a rough time in the courts. Last year an earlier C11 chief superintendent was tried for bribery and perverting the course of justice but was acquitted. Another former C11 man faces trial shortly. In the meantime a warrant is out for Michael Franklin's arrest for an alleged dollar premium offence committed independently of Binstock. But with the conviction of John Groves for a criminal breach of the Official Secrets Act the stark question has to be asked: how did Binstock and Miller (one a manifest fraudster with strong links to Mafia organised crime in America and the other a manifest fraudster who even in death is by no means cleared of 'Mob' associations) penetrate for so long the very Scotland Yard section which was supposed to be rooting out organised crime from London?

John Groves was fined £500 and ordered to pay £200 costs. In the meantime the jury's fairness should mean that at least one other former top London detective will be sleeping more easily: in January 1974 while still serving, he took a trip to New York to see the Muhammad Ali-Jo Frazier fight at Eric Miller's expense. Other officers only got Cup Final tickets.

Today C11 is under new management. One of its prime targets is international organised crime, now making an alarming come-back in this country. How much the 'Mob' s' current success owes to C11's past failures we shall only know when and if a clean-out comparable to the 1967 onslaught on the Colony Club is executed.

Martin Short is currently writing a sequel to THE FALL OF SCOTLAND YARD (Penguin 1977).

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London Diary

☐ During the summer, I was asked to perform jury service. Unhappily, the letter went astray in the postal strike, and the Lord Chancellor's department got quite cross with me for a while. But I explained that I was willing, indeed eager, to do my bit, given adequate notice – and they said they'd come back with another date.

Since then, of course, we have had the Attorney-General's assault upon the NEW STATESMAN, for having had the sauce to publish an interview with one of the Thorpe jurors. There is, I am sure, no one in this country who believes more in the jury system than I do – or who believes more firmly in the jurors' right to freedom of speech.

I haven't, so far as I know, become any less suitable as a juror since the selection made earlier this year. But I wonder if the invitation will be repeated after all?

☐ A touching moment in the saga of British capitalism: the Rolls liquidation winds wearily to its close with the news that the final share-out for the stockholders will amount to 40 million quid. In the Receiver's demurely triumphant words, the main reason for

> the satisfactory outcome to the receivership and liquidation (is) that the aero-engine business was kept going and sold to the Government . . .

Sold, that is, to the same Tory government which caused the whole crisis by deciding – on the advice of a few ignorant accountants and bankers – that the aero-engine business was useless, and ought to be closed down. You may guess that those now benefiting are scarcely little old ladies and country doctors whose savings sent the Merlins out against the Luftwaffe. They are, rather, hard-eyed punters (many of them American) who perceived that Ted Heath's 'Lame Duck' theory of economics was itself a fowl of dubious aerodynamic stability. Shortly after the Cabinet's initial, panic-stricken announcements about the technical failure, etc., of the RB-211 engine programme, the Stock Exchange laid on a few day's speculative trading, and much paper was acquired at bargain prices. Rolls' real sin, of course, was to be in a long-term, high-technology business in a society whose decision-makers can't think 12 months ahead, and are carefully selected, not so much for their inability to tell one aero-engine from another, as for their inability to think that the difference might matter. (Some of the City gents who earned large fees by judging that the 211 wouldn't work must since have ridden to their annual hols on aircraft sustained by that very same device.)

☐ An old friend of my family's (call her Delia) is a dashing lady whose work takes her to exotic places, and who holds to the view that plenty of varied sexual exercise keeps her trim and youthful. She was recently in one of the earthquake-belt parts of the Third World (the exact location had best remain shrouded, because liberation hasn't yet placed women's adventures on the same plane as men's), and in bed with one of the local citizens. Just as they reached the crucial stage of the transaction, a quake hit the town. Neither of them noticed a thing, but almost instantly afterwards the phone rang.

'Delia', demanded a friend's voice, 'did you feel the earth move?' Taken slightly unawares, Delia replied: 'Well, I wouldn't say it was quite *that* good.' But later on, as she said, she realised it must have been.

☐ The vibrant raspberry greeting the Royal Commission on Legal Services came as a relief: not because reform is consequently imminent, but because anything else would have opened the way for a Royal Commission advertising the Mafia as a charitable institution. Honest lawyers – the species exists, but breeds inadequately – are especially appalled, because they realise that the reputation of their trade is now quite dangerously low.

Not that it ever stood high. In American literature, at popular level if nowhere else, the lawyer-hero may be found (Perry Mason, etc). But not in ours: the master-images are the vulture-solicitors in Dickens, or Kipling's advocate who is expert in 'the truthful, well-weighed answer/That tells the blacker lie'. Has a serious English, Scots, Irish or Welsh writer yet had a good word for the second-oldest profession? Not one of the references in the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* appears to be complimentary, from St Luke on down ('Woe unto you, lawyers, for you have taken away the key of knowledge'). It's true that when Dick the Butcher says (*Henry VI, Pt 2*), 'The first thing we'll do, let's kill all the lawyers' (and Jack Cade says no, he'll handle that one himself) Shakespeare is a little distanced from the rebels. But he's right behind Mercutio's idea of the lawyers' motivation when Queen Mab encounters 'lawyers' fingers, which straight dream on fees'. I've referred before in the NS to Coleridge's view, which was that a lawyer killing a viper put him in mind of Cain liquidating Abel. About the least offensive reference I can find is in Spenser's *Prothalamion ('Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song')*, which says that in 'merry London' there are certain

> *. . . bricky towers*
> *The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride*
> *Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers.*

I take Spenser here to be noting the fact that the lawyers have collared all the nicest bits of real-estate in London and turned them into the Inns of Court. Can a Royal Commission be right, when the whole tradition of English literature says otherwise?

☐ As East Germany's birthday celebrations ground along, I found myself watching Fleet Street's scribes to see, not so much which ones would ignore Rudolf Bahro, but which ones would ignore him and his fellow-prisoners in the most crassly offensive manner. Naturally, the *Financial Times* produced a suitably loathsome celebration of the eastern economic miracle – but blow me down if the *Guardian* didn't come home an easy winner. At least the FT exhibited token resistance to the law which prohibits East Germans from giving free interviews about how deliriously happy they are. But Ms Hella Pick of the *Guardian* actually embraced it

> I asked if arrangements could be made for me to meet a family, leaving it to the authorities to select one. The Bernhards said it came as a complete surprise when they were asked to let me visit their home . . .

In a totally unpredictable climax, these free spirits informed Ms Pick that they could 'find no contradiction between the collectivism of our system and the preservation of our individualism'.

> Yes, they do know there are some in the GDR 'who feel differently'. But they add 'we must help such people to understand the opportunities here'.

This unlovely slab of propaganda was headlined: *'Proud individuals in a collective society'*. I look forward to further reports by Ms Pick from the world's political plague spots, such as South Africa (*Growing to nationhood, side by side*) and North Korea (*Who's afraid of Kim Il Sung?*), plus an imaginative reconstruction of conditions in the Barbary galleys through the eyes of a couple of oarsmen selected by 'the authorities'.

☐ It is always heartening to discover that people have reflexes superior to the nonsense they feel constrained to talk. The last time I wrote this diary, I referred to John Birt of London Weekend Television, and his proposition that anyone who had 'significant support' ought to be allowed to spout his or her views on television, regardless of any ideas about intellectual method (the reason you don't screen flat-earth documentaries is not that they're nonsense: it's just that insufficient people 'support' the proposition).

This week Birt and David Frost found themselves in New York to undertake two 80-minute interviews on the subject of Vietnam and Cambodia with Dr Henry Kissinger, a gentleman who commands significant support – especially among the power-groupies of the world – for his thoughts on foreign policy. First, they found that Kissinger had unilaterally cut the time for discussing Vietnam and Cambodia to 40 per cent of the total. This switch they managed to accept. But then they found that after the question-and-answer sessions Kissinger was to be given ten minutes of studio time while he put the record straight without any awkward questions being asked. I have never quite seen Frost as a paragon of moral courage, but it's good to know that neither he nor Birt waited to count heads on the rectitude of this outrageous performance. Frost sent a letter of resignation to NBC immediately.

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A scene has been dropped from the Nottingham Playhouse's production of Bitter Apples, a musical comedy, after protests from the town's Lady Mayoress, Mrs Carolyn Birkinshaw, aged 54, walked out of the play's first night on Tuesday during the interval after the scene in which an actor, Matthew Kelly, appeared nude. The characters in the play were louts and layabouts – the sort of people who have to be moved from the steps of the council headquarters when the Lord Mayor arrives – *Guardian* (C. M. Parker)

☐ Canadian-born Mr Green, who got into trouble for closing one of his shows with a Let's Back Britain speech and singing his 'Stand up and be counted' song, says he is not the only person to have suffered. He also accused the BBC of 'moral subversion' for allowing an item about children breaking wind to be shown on Junior That's Life. – *The Liverpool Echo* (T. McNerny)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

An invitation to Sir Harold

From Ken Coates, Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation

In this week's *News of the World*, sandwiched between an account of the problems of consumer satisfaction (with inflatable life-sized rubber dolls) and a study of a model agency in Bournemouth, I was surprised to find an essay by Sir Harold Wilson, published under the title 'Never Mind the Tony Benn Bogey: Watch out for the Danger Men Using Him'. I was even more surprised to find that the Danger Men in question were my genial companions of the Institute for Workers' Control, in which, apparently, I figure as a 'guru'.

Sir Harold appears to believe that we represent some sort of threat to democracy. This is a strange coincidence, because that threat is exactly what many of us had perceived in some of his actions, until he was kind enough to resign in order to free himself for literary work. The trouble is that in this case his chosen medium doesn't encourage either logical argument or even coherent expression, which is a pity, since the questions involved are serious.

From my point of view the argument turns on the call for an extension of democratic accountability, and for the erosion of patronage, throughout political, industrial and social life. Sir Harold appears to wish to defend patronage, and to avoid accountability, on grounds which may not easily be intuited from this Sunday's contribution.

Might I therefore offer to debate these matters with Sir Harold in a more sober forum, such as your own? I am sure we could agree upon the issues at stake, and upon some suitable ground rules.

Gamble Street, Nottingham

Anyone for the New Left?

From Richard Taylor

Your article 'Labour's culture of illusions' (NS 28 September) accurately diagnoses the parlous condition of the contemporary Labour Party – and also points up some of the ambiguity and general woolliness in the arguments of Tony Benn, who is so widely (and ludicrously) held up by the media as the Labour Party's leading Marxist.

The only reputable arguments for socialists belonging to the Labour Party, now or at any other time, are: that it, and it alone, is the mass party of the working class and therefore offers the only real hope of mass advance; second, that the Labour Party proclaims, or at the very least has the potential to proclaim, an alternative and socialist political culture which will be a key factor in changing the consciousness of the mass of people in the progress towards a socialist transformation.

As you demonstrate, neither of these arguments is any longer supportable. One of the main barriers standing in the way of socialist advance is the Labour Party itself, both institutionally and culturally. It has become, as Ralph Miliband pointed out some time ago, 'a manager of discontent', rather than an agency of socialist change. It thus seems to me that you fail to draw the logical conclusion from your argument: if the Labour Party has become such a moribund, unsocialist and declining force, surely the task for socialists is to build a new, unified and socialist movement?

The fact that other such attempts at building a 'New Left' have so often failed in the past has been due in large part to the fact that many socialists have (erroneously) believed that the Labour Party could be transformed into a mass Socialist Party. With the experience of the Wilson/Callaghan years behind us, and the undeniable evidence of the long-term and dramatic decline of the 'mass party', this argument must surely be seen as wholly untenable. The 1980s offer perhaps the greatest opportunity since 1945 for the building of a genuine New Left, incorporating, of course, those large numbers of socialists at present wasting their energies in the Labour Party.

'Ellerslie', St Andrew's Avenue, Morley, Leeds

Wide of the mark

From William Brown, Chairman, ITCA Council

Trevor Preston's comments on ITV's intentions for the fourth channel (NS 21 September) are wide of the mark. His account of the ITCA companies 'offering the unions representing TV writers, actors, musicians and technicians all manner of dreamland promises if only the fourth channel franchise could be theirs and theirs alone' has no foundation whatever in fact. No such promises have ever been made by the companies. If Mr Preston has any evidence to the contrary, he should produce it.

Far from seeking to make the fourth channel 'theirs and theirs alone', the ITV companies have from the start made plain their view that the independents should play a major part in the new service. As long ago as 1973 (before the Annan Committee was even appointed), they recommended to the then government that the independents should have a guaranteed share of programming, including peak time. They also proposed that the choice and commissioning of independent productions for screening should be done not by the existing companies, but by an Independent Production Board. The companies would have only a small, minority representation on this board, and most of the members would be independents, educationalists and public representatives. ITV-1 would provide the money, but would forgo the power. That offer represents the consistent policy of ITV and remains open – subject to safeguards that the new channel will be run on an economic basis and provide a genuinely complementary service.

Finally, Mr Preston credits ITV with an ambition to seize 85 per cent of the available air time on the fourth channel for its own programmes in one guise or another. Again, there is no foundation of truth for this. Lord Annan, at the time of publication of his Committee's report, spoke of a figure of 80 per cent as his expectation of the ITV-1 contribution. The IBA has mentioned figures of around 55 per cent. The companies themselves have tried to avoid tying themselves to arbitrary quotas, not because they wished to short-change the independents but because they believe this is the wrong approach. As John Freeman said at the Royal Television Society's recent convention at Cambridge, rigid quotas 'can work uncomfortably for those committed to them and unhelpfully for good broadcasting'. He suggested that the wiser course would be to treat whatever quota figures were unavoidable as targets, allowing scope for individual contributions to grow organically to whatever proved to be their natural level. The reality is that an audience cannot be dragooned by quotas into watching programmes which are lacking in appeal, nor can it be dissuaded from seeking out those programmes which it finds genuinely engaging and worthwhile.

52-66 Mortimer Street, London W1

Cambodia: help on the way

From Sir Leslie Kirkley, Chairman, Disasters Emergency Committee.

John Pilger, ('Letting a nation die', NS 21 September) drew attention to the desperate situation in Kampuchea today, where millions of civilians are facing death through starvation and disease.

As your readers may know, the authorities in Phnom Penh have, in the last few days, given their agreement to the setting up of a full-scale relief programme by the ICRC and UNICEF. An eight-man team is due to fly in next week and plans for a massive airlift of food and other essential supplies are now being implemented. Aid is also being brought in by other organisations, notably Oxfam, which has already been involved in several airlifts of relief supplies and is planning to bring in a shipment of over 1,200 tons of food in the next few days.

Member charities of the DEC, which comprises the British Red Cross Society, Christian Aid, Catholic Fund for Overseas Development, Oxfam and Save the Children Fund, will be supporting these relief efforts to the limit of their capabilities. To continue this work, however, financial help is badly needed and to this end the Committee has recently launched a national Indo-China Emergency Appeal. Our aim is to help not only the people of Kampuchea but also the victims of conflict in other parts of Indo-China, including those who have sought refuge in countries of first asylum throughout Southeast Asia. Donations can be sent to PO Box 999, London EC3P 3DP.

In defence of Smiley

From Graham Ley

I don't wish to quarrel with your (NS 21 September) largely excellent and incisive essay on secret-service mythology. But I do feel that it is marred by an underlying misconception. Investigative journalism is rightly critical and eventually assertive of distinct principles. In that, the NS at its best deserves the highest praise. But there can be little doubt that written literature, in particular the novel, is reflective rather than effective. I think it is a mistake to suppose that any of the authors you mention should concern himself with the reality of facts that obsesses you, when you yourself observe that the world of espionage is as fantastic in its approach as fiction.

Surely what we owe to Le Carré is an extraordinarily detailed, and I believe honest, portrayal of the mentality of the defence mechanisms of a marooned administrative class. The key to my criticism of your appreciation lies in your article. You correctly identify the establishment desire to find the Ultimate Man as a compensation for increasing political and economic impotence, but in your own understandable frustration at repeated incompetence state that mistakes like the Philby affair should not occur 'if the gardener knows his business'. Smiley's problem, and the dilemma that Le Carré presents to us, is that there is no gardener.

If you consider *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* as a novel, then its prevailing concern is to chart the perversion of responsibility. In the aftermath of imperialism a ruling class attains, with a sense of its own impotence, a desire to achieve consideration for the order and stability it has finally created through its pursuit of self-interest. This despicably delayed sense of responsibility is manifest in Smiley, whose fascination and rejection of Karla, the Soviet spirit, reveals a rejection of the single-mindedness of his own ruthless predecessors. The pathetic irony is that Smiley is indeed impotent: his version of loyalty is a quirk of history, and receives contempt both in his personal and his public life. In contrast, the irresponsibility characterised by the role achieves satisfaction in both areas.

It is a genuinely contemporary tragedy that the 'humanism' of Smiley cannot be directed to a dynamic end. The administrative class in general is, as you say, protected from the principles of open government that you assert. But, to its credit, it cannot accept the petty-minded brutality that has dominated the Seventies and which the electorate has recently embraced. Judging by the unnecessary name and place-dropping in your article (a crucial and prevalent self-contradiction in the NS), I feel that you should have more sympathy for the dilemmas of the establishment, and allow more than one justification for the act of putting pen to paper. Smiley, and his ilk, may be pathetic figures: but with our present gardeners, I think I'm quite relieved to have them rather than the British version of Karla.

37 Harefield Road, London SE4

From Alan Bennett

I couldn't altogether follow Bruce Page's article on Philby though I can understand him being cross that others have turned the subject to greater profit than he did. I was (slightly) flattered to be included since my own contribution has never seemed to me to be about Philby anyway. I was interested in someone who had led a double life and was in exile: Auden fills the bill better. I don't expect Mr Page to appreciate this point. To judge from the present contents of the NEW STATESMAN his interests seem pretty limited. Thank God for Arthur Marshall.

23 Gloucester Crescent, NW1

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

I believe

You will recall that in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*, the Queen boasted that when she was young she had been able to believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast, a feat well beyond the range of those of us who are far from at our best until coffee, kippers and toast have gone comfortingly down the red lane. Two rather interesting and, to me, ticklesome facts or 'things' have recently come my way, one of which, though not absolutely impossible to believe, must certainly rank in most minds as being highly improbable. I say 'improbable' rather daringly and, possibly, impertinently because the source of the information, and it is historical information, is a very distinguished historian and writer, none other than Sir Steven Runciman. He has been heard to state that, on the death of Louis XIV, the Sun King mainly resident at Versailles, his heart was carefully and reverently removed and stored away in a bejewelled box. Many years later (can it have been perhaps during the Revolution when kings, or parts of kings, were not popular?), it found its way to England, by now rather reduced in size, and much later still it was decided to exhibit this fascinating relic at some august and high-powered gathering (a sprinkling of professors, dons, ministers, ambassadors and the more successful type of clergyman) in London – not exactly a cheese-and-wine 'do' but with something for the guests to sip. The heart was taken from its box and placed upon a silver salver for all to see and marvel at, and there it remained until a short-sighted bishop, salivating for another canapé, mistook it for a cocktail dainty, scooped it up and gobbled it down. True or false? It's up to you.

I shall return to my other 'thing' shortly, just turning aside for a moment to mention the fact that the late Miss Edna Ferber, a formidable American lady novelist and the provider, to the benefit of all of us, of such literary treats as *Show Boat* and *Saratoga Trunk*, was kindly inspired one day to give in her New York apartment a big welcome to a visiting English lady novelist of, then, considerable fame and whom, though now alas dead too, I will call Miss G. I use the letter G rather than the customary X because G stands for greedy and gluttonous and gigantic and gawky and gifted and she was all of those. Miss Ferber, deciding that a tea-party for twelve would be the ideal thing, summoned her most suitable Anglophile friends, ordered cakes and buns galore, got out her best china and laid (rather prissily and fussily some of us might consider) upon each of the guest's plates a small mat or, repulsive word, doily of exquisitely light and filmy Brussels lace and of which she possessed, fortunately, just a dozen so that there was one for each. The guests arrived and Miss G arrived and, with appetite doubtless sharpened by the keen New York air, despatched every eatable that came her way, choking a little from time to time. The guests left and Miss G left and the hostess, tidying up, gathered together her doilies and found to her dismay that there were only eleven of them, the one on Miss G's plate having gone missing. Yes indeed. It had evidently got caught up in a slice of angel cake and had been engulfed along with it. Some stomachs can digest just anything. True or false? True, as it happens, and my informant was Miss Ferber herself, still very rattled at what she considered to be this unreasonable demand made upon her nutritional resources.

Being rather greedy too, I do not have much time for those who, claiming to be far above such mundane matters, state that they seldom 'notice' what they are eating and are quite prepared to make their guests suffer along with them. Food is about the only pleasure that continues, more or less unchanged, from the cradle to the grave and should be treated with proper respect. I do not approve of those who are not much prepared to bother. In Devon I was once the periodical guest at lunch or dinner of a widowed lady called Millie to whom we were all deeply devoted, and just as well perhaps for her food was of a really sensationally disgusting nature – gravy with blobs of fat swimming about, mint sauce with no sugar in it, boiled potatoes that crunched crisply in the mouth, and undercooked roast shoulders that squeaked protestingly when carved. There was, somewhere in the hinterland, a cook called Bessie and, by way of summoning us to the table, Millie invariably said 'Now, dears, let's go and see what the gallant Bessie has given us.'

Somebody among our friends advanced the theory that Millie's taste buds had long since atrophied and no dissentient voices were heard. Determined to put the matter to the test, we hatched a plan. This consisted of a telephone call made by an accomplice during dinner and which would remove Millie momentarily from the table. We then got busy. The pudding course had been reached and into the soggy folds of trifle upon her plate we inserted layers of mustard, pepper and salt, but Millie, returning, got it all down in a trice and then gave a glad cry of 'Jolly good! Anybody game to join me in another spoonful?' Unkind of us, perhaps.

But about my other fact (see para. 1) there can be no possible salmon-and-trout (Cockney rhyming slang for we are now back again in London) as the information comes from too many totally reliable sources. Though I have already mentioned it in another periodical, I repeat it here for the benefit of NS readers and it concerns the soft background music provided by a military band (a Guards one for a certainty) while Her Majesty is presiding at an investiture and handing out gongs and dubbing some of her worthier (usually) subjects. Sometimes the music is charmingly suitable. Sir Noël Coward was favoured with 'Clair de Lune', the moon in this case clearly ranking as a heavenly body and doing service as a 'star'. But now a kind correspondent, recently present at the Palace while his sister was being decorated, writes to tell me that Her Majesty made her entrance to the tuneful strains of 'Bess, you is my woman now', a number belonging, one would have thought, solely to the Duke of Edinburgh, and in a private capacity at that. She exited on this occasion to 'The Entry of the Gladiators' which, with its reference to the beginning rather than to the end of a circus, seems to have been a mysterious choice indeed. There have been other oddities. When Lord Olivier first became Sir Laurence, it was to 'The Donkey's Serenade'. Anna Neagle bobbed about and became Dame Anna to 'Hello Dolly', while Daphne du Maurier was damed to the merry accompaniment of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave'.

Choosing fitting musical accompaniments for this or that occasion is a tricky business and I have recently been keeping tabs, as they say, on the music that is put out to go with that ITV notice regretting the temporary absence of telly programmes and at which a million people are said to sit and stare, presumably, I thought at first, in the wild hopes that the box would suddenly flood with light and be once more brightly radiant with 'Crossroads' and the heart-stopping shocks and joys of 'This Is Your Life' ('. . . and here's your ninety-year old Auntie Nellie, not in Winnipeg as you thought, but flown here to be with us this evening . . .' followed by some unintelligible nonagenarian croakings and everybody having a good blub). But it is now clear to me why these million devoted viewers sit. They are not so much staring as listening. The music is one long pleasure. The stuff chosen for the BBC 1 Test Card is pretty lightweight – pop and Eric Coates and so on. BBC 2's Test Card is only marginally better. But the ITV 'Sorry' notice has been accompanied throughout by only the very best in what we must call classical music – Mozart and Beethoven and Haydn and so on. One would have expected the loudest of pop, given to us by those groups with the not immediately attractive names (is there one called 'Sludge'? I offer it, anyway). But not a bit of it. Distinguished orchestras scrape and blow. Famous pianists thunder out concertos while a million people sit entranced. Full marks to somebody.

Roger Woddis

A moral tale

(After W. H. Auden)

'No one ever has the authority to destroy unborn life.' – The Pope.

Let me tell you a little story
About Miss Edith Gee;
She lacked the kind of figure
That decorates page 3.

She had narrow sloping shoulders
And she had no bust at all,
But one evening on the common
In fear she gave her all.

She did not love the stranger,
She had to yield to force,
And more than her eyes were swollen
As nature took its course.

She went to Doctor Brady,
He rubbed his shaven chin;
'To do the thing you ask me
Would be a mortal sin.'

And since he thought it sinful
To end an unborn life,
She ended in a back street
Beneath a rusty knife.

And now in Hell she suffers
For all Eternity;
There never was a lady
As wicked as Miss Gee.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Craig Raine

Between the Stars

Darkness Visible by WILLIAM GOLDING *Faber* £4.95

The third chapter of *Darkness Visible* opens with a description of an ironmonger's. Frankley's is an old established firm that has failed to get on terms with the 20th century. Despite the introduction of new lines in garish plastic and the abolition of an overhead network of wires and cannisters that used to whizz to a central till, the premises refuse rationalisation. In fact, though it no longer exists, faithful old retainers still reach up automatically for the system of wires. It is a neat symbol, encapsulating Golding's concerns, and only beckoned from its naturalistic obscurity by the space devoted to it. In other words, the old system of metaphysics which gave morality a supernatural sanction is still a felt presence, here symbolised by a spider's web of wires that originally guaranteed financial probity in the employees. Both systems retain a lingering potency, unimpaired by rationalism, as you might expect in a novel whose title is taken from *Paradise Lost*'s description of Hell and whose epigraph is a quotation from the *Aeneid* Book 6 where, before descending into the Underworld, Aeneas invokes the powers of Darkness.

This isn't new territory for Golding, though the bold mixture of comedy and terror is an unfamiliar and successful departure. *Free Fall* (1959) ended with Sammy Mountjoy's realisation that there were two worlds – the scientific, rational world of his physics master, and the other world of the spirit, of good and evil, that 'touches only the dark things, held prisoner, incommunicado, touches, judges, sentences and passes on'. The central emblem of this duality was the darkened cell into which the Gestapo thrust Sammy. By daylight merely an emptied broom cupboard with a damp cloth in the centre of the floor, it is, when Sammy experiences it in total darkness, a veritable hell – or would have been, had not Golding's prose, normally aroused by limitation, collapsed into a limp imitation of Poe. *Free Fall* concluded that 'both worlds are real. There is no bridge.'

Darkness Visible is an attempt to sketch that bridge, even as it exploits the comically incongruous gap between the two worlds. For instance, at a kind of seance, three characters experience religious beatitude, yet one of them, a bookseller, is almost overwhelmed by the desire to scratch his nose. Finally, his hands held by the others, he eases the itch on the table – only to have his agonised facial expressions interpreted later, by one of his companions, as the outward sign of an inward spiritual conflict. All the same, in spite of the farce, even because of it, the religious experience is irrefutable.

However lucid this may sound in summary, the theme emerges only gradually from a crowded narrative, full of startling events rapidly told with an insouciant economy that is almost biblical. Further, as in *The Inheritors*, *Pincher Martin* and *The Spire*, Golding abjures what James, in the preface to *The Golden Bowl*, called 'the muffled majesty of authorship'. For most of the novel, we are compelled to inhabit the perplexed consciousnesses of the characters, so it is to be expected that some episodes are as obscure as the allegory on Mr Tulkinghorn's ceiling in *Bleak House*. However, no one is more skilled than Golding at making obscurity compelling – at forcing his reader, in James's formula, to 'live and breathe and rub shoulders and converse with the persons engaged in the struggle'. In fact, when Golding does eventually step back at the very end, we are in a position to see how

inadequate such a perspective on the struggle is.

The struggle in *Darkness Visible* is that of supernatural forces, good and evil, to find expression in a rational century. At first, to characters and readers alike, this merely seems an identity crisis. Take Sophy, the twin who is eventually so overpowered by the evil within her that she engineers an abortive, terrorist-aided kidnap attempt – the quasi-apocalypse that provides the book with a sudden excess of plot at its denouement. To begin with, Sophy is aware only of what she calls a *This* inside her head which differs from her social persona: '*This* lived and watched without any feelings at all and brandished or manipulated the Sophy-creature like a complicated doll, a child with all the arts and wiles and deliberate delightfulness of a quiet unself-conscious, oh a quite innocent, naive, trusting little girl.' At one point, Golding calls her 'little friend of all the world', alluding to Kim who, like Sophy, isn't sure who he is and has difficulty in relating to the normal world. But whereas Kim weeps and feels the wheels of his being 'lock up anew on the world without', Sophy is gradually initiated into evil by the force within and, in some sense, outside her.

Initially, she is an ignorant medium, at once enthralled and innocently terrified by what is taking place. She is, for example, inexplicably horrified by the image of a huge wave and, later, by a Rorschach ink-blot – experiences for which Golding volunteers no explanation, leaving the reader to infer that they are images of her condition. A wave is, of course, an invisible force acting *through* the medium of water, just at the ink-blot is itself passive, awaiting the imposition of meaning from outside. Sophy's equally baffling fascination with transistor radios and her enigmatic comment on a glove puppet ('Sometimes I felt –') belong to the same collocation of images.

Though she manipulates others, Sophy is herself manipulated like a puppet from the inside. Similarly, she is a kind of radio, receiving messages from 'the voice of darkness between the stars'. Her childish, temporary belief that the owners of transistors are trapped inside them is a naive formulation, but one that expresses her sense that the *This*-Sophy, the evil spirit, is compelled to inhabit a body. The conflict between the normal girl and this imperious force is finally resolved when, after sundry failures, she achieves orgasm by wounding her dull boyfriend in the shoulder, and sees that the way to pleasure is through the infliction of pain. 'Then for a timeless time there is no Sophy. No *This*.'

Matty, the hero of *Darkness Visible*, is a curious plodder who develops in parallel to the gifted Sophy. While they brush at moments, their two narratives do not engage until the final third of the novel – with a certain crunching of machinery. As with Lok in *The Inheritors*, Matty's innocent dumbness calls forth Golding's prodigious gifts of empathy: his pedestrian journal is recreated brilliantly in all its comic pathos and, seen from the outside, he is utterly compelling. Matty, too, has experienced a life-long crisis of identity. Who am I? he constantly asks. It's a good question and one that Golding is prepared to answer only with hints.

We first see Matty walking, badly burned down his left side, out of a fire that is melting iron and lead. There are two contradictory clues to his identity: as if he might be a force for good or evil, the fire which produces him is described as a burning bush and as the infernal city. Comforted in hospital by a tender nurse, Matty obscurely conveys his psychic powers by making the nurse aware of her spiritual dimension – a process she understands so imperfectly that she only can employ the inarticulate locution, *Matty believes I bring someone with me*.

As this episode implies, unlike Sophy, Matty is a medium for the force of good, and it is he who thwarts the terrorist plot by becoming a burnt offering – as his ludicrous, yet accurate, visions have predicted. Prepared to sacrifice himself for a child, Matty typically blunders into his destiny. Mending a puncture, he goes into the garage the terrorists intend to dynamite, is knocked out by an unseen assailant and burned alive in the explosion – but not before he has rushed out incandescent and scared the kidnappers, whether intentionally or not, into dropping their prey.

Given this role of saviour, why is Matty so closely associated with Lucifer at the beginning of the novel? His disfigured face recalls Milton's 'damaged arch-angel'; like Hephaestus, Lucifer's classical equivalent, he has a limp and is drawn to the forge at Frankley's;

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reflecting on his mild sexual susceptibilities, he equates himself with the sons of God, the fallen angels of Genesis who 'came in unto the daughters of men'. At the same time, he feels reserved for a high destiny and like the God of the Jews, who was referred to only by initials (YHWH), Matty's surname is never certain: Windgrove, Windrave, Windgraff, Windrove, Wildwort and Windrop are some of the alternatives used to suggest his special significance – as well as his special insignificance. He is a poor instrument to do a noble deed, with a profound sense of his own sinfulness.

This awareness of his shortcomings and the need to forgive the sins of others are part of Matty's awkward religious consciousness – as his middle name, Septimus, implies. Though used only once, it sends the reader directly to Matthew 7. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye measure, it shall be measured to you again.' This text explains why *Darkness Visible* is such a compassionate novel, extending forgiveness and understanding even to the homosexual Pedigree, or 'Pedders' as his pupils appropriately dub him. Those tempted to take a lofty attitude are shown the beam in their own eye: Sim Goodchild, the bookseller, finally admits to himself that his interest in the young Sophy and her twin was sexual. Edwin, who rejects Pedigree's purely social overtures, has something shady in his own sex life. Both men learn from Matty, almost by osmosis, that there is in all of us what Sim calls the 'diabolical *thing* down there disporting itself'. Imperfection must forgive imperfection – so that, just before his death, Matty forgives his own body, the Lucifer within.

Eight years in the writing, *Darkness Visible* is a gripping metaphysical thriller. By Golding's standards, only the Matty narrative approaches his best work; the familarity of Sophy's Seventies' environment somehow renders his meticulously detailed imagination redundant; it is improbable that the Secret Service would televise and record the seance; finally, the potential for good in the twins is mentioned only sketchily as a religious phase in one of them. That said, I don't expect to read a better novel this year.

Delia Davin

Barbarians

China and the West: Society and Culture 1815-1937 by JEROME CH'EN *Hutchinson* £12.95 and £5.50
Sociology and Socialism in Contemporary China by SIU-LUN WONG *Routledge* £5.75
Encyclopedia of China Today by FREDERIC M. KAPLAN, JULIAN M. SOBIN and STEPHEN ANDORS *Macmillan* £15

The history of Sino-Western relations since the beginning of the 19th century is not a happy one, but the misconceptions, upheavals, conflicts and changes which it has produced make a fascinating subject for research. Dr Ch'en's new book opens with a chapter on the evolution of Chinese and Western perceptions of each other in the 19th and early 20th centuries. Delusions about 'western barbarians' allowed the Chinese tragically to underestimate the military threat posed by the West in the years prior to the Opium Wars. Their comforting notions about the inability of foreign soldiers to bend their backs or knees and the dependence of the foreigner on imports of Chinese rhubarb to save him from constipation are the familiar stuff of English-language textbooks on the Opium Wars. Dr Ch'en has provided us with a salutary reminder that early Western ideas about the Chinese were scarcely more accurate, and were equally permeated by a sense of cultural superiority.

Though Chinese and Western images of each other still seem shot through with misconceptions they have at least undergone considerable change. The depraved pagan opium-smoker of the Victorians became by the 20th century the industrious, frugal peasant of Pearl Buck's novels. The Chinese had to change their views more rapidly, as military defeat and political domination forced them to abandon their belief in their all-round superiority. Gradually, under the influence of social-Darwinist ideas which began to filter into China in the late 19th century, the argument that China's 'inferior' culture was holding her back and even threatening her survival gained ground among educated people. The way ahead for China came to be seen as wholesale modernisation, usually understood as being identical to westernisation.

The quest for modernisation and its links with China's foreign relations, her internal politics, and her culture, economy and society are the major themes of the second part of Dr

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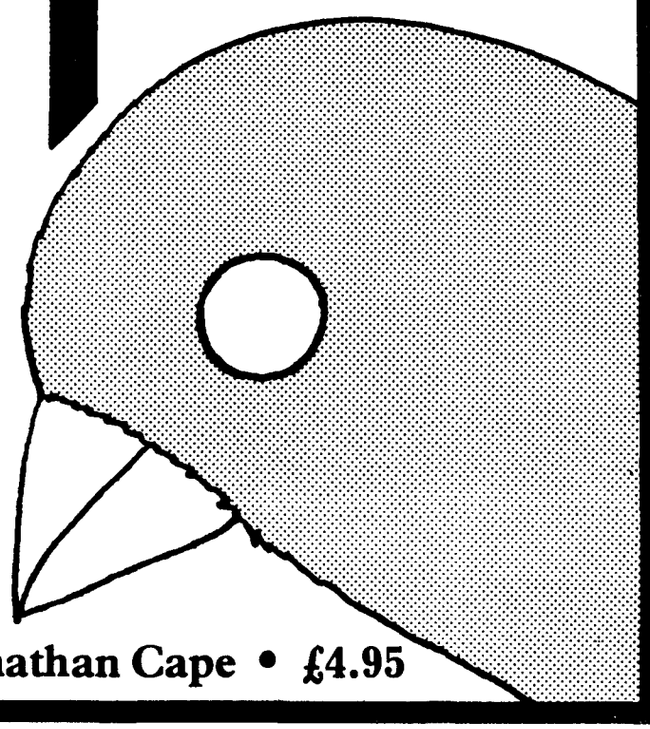

Jonathan Cape • £4.95

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Ch'en's book. Much of the material he presents will be familiar to specialists, an inevitable problem in a book intended also for the general reader, but Dr Ch'en is too much a scholar to rely only on secondary sources and he amply fulfills the promise he makes in his introduction to explore new areas and seek new interpretations.

Ironically it is the very erudition of this book which makes its glaring defect, the lack of proper information on sources, so unfortunate. Dr Ch'en does apologise for the omission, which his publishers imposed for reasons of economy, but surely when in a scholarly work even quotations, indirect and direct, are not attributed, such paring has been too radical. For example, on page 243 we read, 'Caucasian whores competed with their Chinese sisters, but they were generally "beastlier and filthier . . . than the Chinese".' This is only the most annoying of the many instances when we are not told whose opinion is being cited. On page 204, Dr Ch'en recounts an anecdote which the reader well-versed in modern Chinese literature will recognise as an episode from the life of Lu Hsun, China's greatest 20th-century writer. However, as the book is intended for a non-Chinese audience it seems somewhat exclusivist to refer to Lu Hsun only as 'a Chinese medical student in Japan', without naming him. *China and the West* will certainly find its place as a classic in Chinese studies; with proper references it could have been still more useful.

Sociology and Socialism in Contemporary China is a detailed, well-documented account of the development of academic sociology in China, of its decline under the People's Republic and of the rise of more practically oriented forms of social enquiry. It will no doubt become the standard work on this rather specialist subject and yet I think deserves a rather wider readership than this would imply. For the life-histories of individual sociologists which Dr Wong records are characteristic of the life-histories of a whole generation of westernised intellectuals, suspect to their own people, and sometimes even to themselves, because of their contacts in the homelands of imperialism, torn between the culture of their birth and that of their higher education, just as their ultimate fates, adjustment to revolution within their own country or exile abroad, represent the choice faced by many professionals in 1949.

Now that so many new contacts with China are being initiated, Macmillan's *Encyclopedia of China Today* will find a ready market among the businessmen and travellers for whom it has doubtless been planned. For a general though inevitably rather superficial overview of China's trade, industry, geography, politics and culture it has at present no rival. There however lies the catch. No book which concentrates so heavily on the contemporary can long escape the signs of age, and given the present pace of change in China this one may be expected to date particularly quickly. The logic of the editors' decision to use one system of romanisation for names and another for place-names escapes me entirely, but the general reader would certainly have been less confused had they stuck to the one system in official use in the People's Republic today.

Correction: *Aesthetics and Politics* by Theodor Adorno and *Fascism and Dictatorship* by Theodor Adorno *et al* will be re-issued by Verso.

Steven Rose

Biological Warfare

The Post-Darwinian Controversies by JAMES R. MOORE *Cambridge* £18
Behaviour and Evolution by JEAN PIAGET *Routledge* £5.50
Optimism: The Biology of Hope by LIONEL TIGER *Secker* £6.95
From Genesis to Genocide: The Meaning of Human Nature and the Power of Behaviour Control by STEPHAN L. CHOROVER *M.I.T.* £10.50

The way the school books tell it, when Charles Darwin published his *Origin of Species* in 1859 there was a battle royal between religious defenders of creationist dogma and the onward march of science. In a series of academic conflicts which lasted the rest of the 19th century, creationists lost out and evolutionary theory was firmly ensconced as *the* explanatory principle of modern biology. Its remaining problems were resolved by the re-discovery of Mendel's laws at the turn of the century and the new genetics provided the motor for the neo-Darwinian synthesis by Fisher and Haldane in Britain and Sewall Wright in the United States, in the 1930s. In the Fifties, along came the Watson-Crick DNA double helix which explained the ultimate mechanisms of gene action, and now the 1970s have seen the new expansion of evolutionary theory to encompass the last remaining fragments of human autonomy by way of the study of the behaviour of individual humans and their societies, sociobiology.

This view of science, as an inevitable onward march of progress, is history not merely with the warts painted out, but with the ideological scaffolding which holds the entire facade in place cunningly concealed from view. For the battles of the 19th century are far from over; they have merely changed their terrain slightly. True, creationists hold out in only a few isolated Bible-belt backwaters in the United States (although their political power is not inconsiderable). But 19th-century theology had played a crucial ideological role in sustaining the social order as being in accord with God's design. Its intellectual vanquisher became in its turn the new ideological authority, at the hands of the chief of evolution's praetorian guard, Herbert Spencer, and that role in the justification of class, sex and race domination it has retained ever since. The ideological legacy of Darwinism (which Darwin himself shared) has in the intervening period served masters every bit as reactionary as those of the theology it replaced. The liberatory role of human evolutionary theory has been masked by the oppressive forms in which it has been manifested. As with the external contradictions, so with its internal contradictions. While evolutionary theory provided a whole new over-arching paradigm into which to fit the indigestible collection of data about the living world which biology had hitherto constituted, the natural selection model contains within itself a number of potential paradoxes which, more than a century later, are still fertile grounds for dispute. The issues raised by Darwin are thus as alive with scientific and ideological controversy today as they ever were.

I am sure that Dr James Moore, author of *The Post-Darwinian Controversies*, will be amused to note the number of military metaphors in the preceding paragraphs. For his careful history of the Protestant struggle to come to terms with Darwinism in the period 1870 to 1900, not merely eschews the familiar language, it positively repudiates the military terminology both of the protagonists of the period and of later historians. Rather than the sharp conflict of opposed camps, Dr Moore is anxious to reveal a complete spectrum from evolutionary atheists, through Christian Darwinism and Darwinisticism to anti-Darwinism, the middle categories being those of biologists who retained their Christian faith, albeit with varying degrees of difficulty, and/or Christians who felt that, far from running counter to God's word, evolutionary theory was its very vindication. This is a scholarly enterprise (indeed a certain stylistic disjunction between chapters and a tendency to reintroduce the *dramatis personae* afresh each time they appear smacks a little of the printed thesis) and Dr Moore has dug deeply into the mountain of theological and anti-theological pamphleteering of the period. Yet perhaps because he sticks so closely to the task of cataloguing the responses of the clergy to Darwinism, he misses its wider impact on Victorian life.

By 1900 a profound shift had taken place in public consciousness, but this is lost in Dr Moore's account. The man most responsible for that shift was perhaps Herbert Spencer, whom Dr Moore treats with a critical distaste that it is hard not to share; but Marx and Engels, both of whom saw the profound relevance of evolutionary theory in scientific as well as ideological terms, do not appear in his account. It's true they weren't Protestants, yet Aveling does manage a brief appearance as an atheist. Despite Dr Moore I suspect that the perceptions of the protagonists of the period and of many later historians may not be so unapt. Evolutionary theory was one more stepping stone towards a science that was about to replace theology as the major ideological weapon of bourgeois society, and to see the dispute in terms of a battle does not wholly traduce the issues or the arguments.

What does come through Dr Moore's account of the period is the problems faced by Darwin as, increasingly, his simple insight was undermined – that chance variations in the fitness of particular members of a species would encourage their survival or disappearance in the context of scarce resources, and that those variations which made an individual fitter would tend to be selected and spread in the population. His theory ran into several problems. First, the process of evolution through natural selection was bound to be slow; minute variations would take generations to accumulate. Could there be time enough? Victorian physics, which dated the earth as relatively short-lived, claimed that

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there could not, and it wasn't until the discovery of radioactivity that the earth's history could be extended, at least partly resolving this problem. But Darwin was long dead by then. Secondly and more important, selection of small variations could provide a means for the continuous improvement of any particular species, but it was and remains difficult to see how it could account for the formation of quite new species. And Darwin was convinced that nature did not proceed by radical discontinuities, by jumps. In face of mounting criticism, from friends as well as enemies, he gradually shifted his view through the several editions of *The Origin* between 1859 and the last edition before his death in 1872, to incorporate miscellaneous other effects, including the once-derided Lamarckian hypothesis of the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

This eclecticism troubled his harder line scientific contemporaries but the problems it was intended to surmount have not disappeared in the intervening period. Is selection the sole motor of evolutionary change and (hence) are all biological and behavioural properties adaptive, or are there neutral mutations, and can changes in the lifetime of an individual become assimilated into its genetic mechanism? Some of these issues form the stuff of the contemporary sociobiological debates. Some are approached by Piaget, who, although he is best known as a cognitive psychologist, is of course a biologist by first training. It is difficult to understand the cult of Piaget as a theoretician in Britain. His reputation is built partly on his famous invention of cognitive stages through which children pass, and my intention is not to criticise this position here, although one may question the rigidity and universality with which the Piagetians, if not the master himself, wish to apply a particular set of empirical observations made in a particular culture at a particular time as if they had universal significance. But part of Piaget's fascination for Anglo-Saxons lies, I suppose, in the current deference paid in certain intellectual quarters to the grander obscurities of French thought. The flood-tide of structuralist enthusiasm may be passing, but its fusty polysyllables still litter the pages of small radical mags and Lumpenintelligentsia jargon. Piaget's book, drawing on his experiments many years ago with snails living deep in the Swiss lakes, and clothed in the higher mysticism of 1920s general systems theory, proposes that adaptive behaviour during the lifetime of an organism can exploit hidden genetic variation and can then become fixed in the genes, thus enabling a species to evolve by hauling itself up by its own bootstraps. This is not an original idea and has been much better discussed in recent years by Waddington, Dobzhansky and Lewontin among others, and it will only be genuflexion to a guru which will make this book seem relevant. Evolutionary biologists, who are on the whole not intellectuals, will not read it. Intellectuals, who on the whole are not evolutionary biologists, may read it and be confused by it. If the evolutionary/sociobiology debate is posed as one between selection/adaptation on the one hand and systems theory/structuralism on the other, it will continue to be trapped in its own ideological spider's web. Piagetian structuralism has the merit that it liberated some from the rigidities of Freudian categories or the monolithic view of the growth of intelligence purveyed by the IQ testing movement. But there are contradictions within it which now make it merely a hindrance to clear thinking.

Lionel Tiger is firmly trapped in this ideological spider's web. Tiger is one of that pair of anthropologists (the other being Robin Fox) who have ridden to fame and fortune by popularising sociobiological claims such as the one that the destiny of contemporary societies was fixed by the cultural experience of humanity living in gatherer/hunter groups back in pre-history. It is difficult to see why or how anyone could or should have put together this rambling, self-indulgent collage of personal anecdotes, nuggets of anthropological wisdom and often erroneous biology, without blushing. Ostensibly the theme that runs through it is the rather slender thought that 'hope' or 'optimism', the tendency to expect and work for a better tomorrow, is a universal human characteristic and hence must have evolved. The fallacies that underlie this argument, if argument it is, are those of reification and of reductionism. The fact that a number of disparate ways of being and behaving may be classified by Professor Tiger as 'hopeful' does not mean that underlying them all there is a common biological universal; each may be the product of widely differing social and biological circumstances. Tiger imposes a unity on them as if he were a new Linnaeus deciding that whales, elephants, humans and lions were all mammals, when he may merely be classifying castles in Spain.

The reductionist trap, into which Tiger again and again falls, is the other side of this coin of reification; he argues that social processes are reducible to nothing but biological ones and biological ones to nothing but cellular, molecular and genetic ones. Societies are nothing but the sum of the atomistic acts of individuals. So individual psychology replaces sociology and history; and individual psychology is seen as the result of genetic inheritance. Because parts of the human brain are relatively recently evolved while others can be shown to have their counterparts in much earlier organisms, it does not follow that some human behaviour is 'ancient' and some 'new'. The region of the human brain concerned with thought and creativity has evolved in anatomical terms from those regions in reptiles and fish concerned with olfaction (incidentally Tiger even gets his neurobiology and brain evolution wrong, but that's another story). Yet it would be absurd to argue that this means that humans think by smelling. Again and again in this vacuous and self-indulgent book this sort of nonsense is perpetrated.

It is a relief at last to turn to an author who has a deeper understanding of the relationship between the biological and the social worlds and the ideological power of pseudo-evolutionary thinking, Stephan Chorover. *From Genesis to Genocide* is a systematic discussion of the emergence of the forms of behaviour control which have flowered over the past decades. These forms of control are rooted in precisely those modes of thinking which Tiger personifies, the reification and reductionism of a spurious evolutionary biology. The assumption is that social dysfunctions reflect biological dysfunctions; a diseased mind is the product of a disordered molecule in the brain. The power of this mode of thinking is that it reduces social protest to mere illness; as Chorover has put it, labelling political dissidents in the USSR as schizophrenic, as invalids, *invalidates* their protest. As with the Soviet Union so with political psychiatry in the West. American psychosurgeons propose to operate on the brains of ghetto leaders to reduce their aggression and so prevent ghetto violence. Troublesome inner-city school children are doped with amphetamine-like drugs to make them more respectful of teachers' authority and there is a search for the genetic bases of criminal behaviour. Essentially this medicalisation of political control is a child of the growing power of biological/biochemical techniques, the ideology of the objectification of human subjects and the legacy of social Darwinism. Chorover's account of these current practices and of the IQ debate, and the development of eugenic theory and practice in America, integrates much of the relatively well known contemporary debate within a historic perspective seen as deriving immediately from social Darwinism and in its ultimate lineage from the platonic myth of a social order consisting of men of gold, of iron and of brass. Chorover's story is well told by a scholar who is a psychologist, an historian and a social critic and the book should serve, side by side with Kamin's *Science and Politics of IQ*, as the most useful and accessible account of the ideology of behaviour control at present available. I part company, it is true, from Chorover in places; for a European reader the American liberal rhetoric of power seems merely to mask the fundamental categories of class and class conflict; Chorover's reticence in avoiding the language of the classical analysis of ideology in the Marxist tradition makes the book go curiously soggy in places, but to see where one branch of the social Darwinist path is leading us, it must be read.

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Paul Preston

The Third Road

Eurocommunism and Eurosocialism: The Left Confronts Modernity edited by Bernard E. Brown *Cyrco Press, New York* No UK price given

Power and Opposition in Post-Revolutionary Societies translated by Patrick Camiller and Jon Rothschild *Ink Links* £7.95 and £3.50

Eurocommunism and Détente edited by Rudolf L. Tökés *Martin Robertson* £18.50

Eurocommunism: Myth or Reality edited by Paolo Filo della Torre, Edward Mortimer and Jonathan Storey *Penguin* £1.95

On 1 November 1975, Santiago Carrillo gave an interview to the Italian dissident communist newspaper, *Il Manifesto*. His theme was that success in Western Europe for the new brand of democratic, pluralist socialism being preached by himself, Enrico Berlinguer and Georges Marchais would have wide-reaching effects in Eastern bloc countries. If it could be demonstrated in France, Italy and Spain that socialism and liberty were not incompatible, then it would not be long before Czechs, Poles and Hungarians would be calling their Russian masters to account. Carrillo's point was intended to increase his respectability in bourgeois circles. Its real effect was thoroughly to alarm the State Department as much as it alarmed the Kremlin. The set of ideas which by 1976 had come to be known as Eurocommunism implied a serious challenge to the post-war settlement. It was not a question of frontiers but rather that Eurocommunism managed to threaten the systems of both Western capitalism and Eastern communism whose recognition as inviolable was central to détente between the superpowers.

It is hardly surprising then that the heavy-handed Russian attacks on Carrillo followed on equally crude hints from Henry Kissinger and Helmut Sonnenfeldt that the United States would not tolerate communists in the governments of Italy or France. However, the apparently inexorable surge to power of the Latin communists has now been checked. The most likely candidate for power, the PCI, has suffered an electoral reverse which is arguably the consequence of its own Eurocommunist moderation. Marchais, after apparently sabotaging the electoral alliance with the socialists, has recently been making declarations which suggest that the PCF is still 'the eldest daughter of the Church' and not overanxious to establish total independence of Moscow. After two democratic elections, the Spanish communists barely muster ten per cent of the vote.

The Eurocommunist tide is clearly on the ebb, but as is the way of tides it will surely flow again. It is not necessary to be a disciple of Kondratieff's long-wave theory to see that the capitalist emergency which gave a sudden relevance to the *compromesso storico* or the *pacto por la libertad* after the 1973 energy crisis is not only still around but worsening. Any petrol pump knows that. Given capitalism's need for working-class discipline and acceptance of lower living standards during the transition to new modes of accumulation based on different energy sources and microchip technology, this surely means that Eurocommunism is likely to be back soon and packing more of a punch. The real lesson of the Italian elections – and maybe others nearer home – is that the Eurocommunists' left-wing critics were right when they said that moderation was being sold too cheaply.

The most convincing of those critics were the European communist dissidents sometimes known as left Eurocommunists, like Rossana Rossanda and Lucio Magri in Italy and Fernando Claudín in Spain. While supporting the essence of Eurocommunism, they had been quick to underline the facile optimism which assumed that if capitalism was too strong to capitulate to frontal assault then it could be taken from within by Trojan horse tactics. And it was not just a question of the improbability of capitalism committing suicide, but also the fact that America and Russia would be objectively united against Eurocommunism. Neither wanted the areas of its hegemony treated to the sight of capitalism being undermined by truly democratic socialism. The logic of the 'left Eurocommunist' position was that significant change in the West was unlikely unless accompanied by some kind of upheaval in the East. Accordingly, in November 1977, Rossanda and Magri and the *Il Manifesto* group organised a congress in Venice to bring together West European Marxist intellectuals and trade unionists and left-wing dissidents from the Soviet bloc.

The proceedings of that congress have now been belatedly, albeit very readably, translated into English as *Power and Opposition in Post-Revolutionary Societies*. The 34 contributions are patchy, ranging in length from two to 20 pages, but they nevertheless add up to a fascinating, if slightly utopian, perspective on perhaps the most crucial issue facing the European left today – the likely role of the existing 'socialist' societies in the West's own transition to socialism. The problem is lucidly stated in Rossana Rossanda's opening report to the congress. The European left has long had an ambiguous attitude to the contradictions of the Soviet bloc. The USSR's position of objective hostility to the capitalist system has imposed a certain embarrassed restraint in the question of socialist opposition within the Eastern countries. The time has come, says Rossanda, to face clearly the dilemma of whether repression exists in the Soviet Union because it is socialist or precisely because it is not socialist at all.

Not surprisingly, most of the speakers at the congress, seeing the Soviet system as broadly state capitalist, opt for the latter interpretation. Although there is lively debate on the issue, the conclusion which emerges from the various interventions is that the working class in both West and East is subject to similar capitalist repressions and alienations. An important paper by Daniel Singer claims that the declining growth curve in the USSR, where material progress has become an essential barrier to social pressures, could lead to an integration of the working class into the dissident movement. Such a development seems a long way off. Yet several of the Eastern European contributions – especially Edmund Baluka's moving account of the 1970 Szczecin shipyard strike – stress the emergence of proletarian opposition in the East.

The consequent linking of the two class struggles, Eastern and Western, is hardly likely to be easy. In the West, the working class is on the defensive against attempts to burden it with the costs of the energy crisis. In any case, the problems of communication and liaison are enormous. As K. S. Karol points out, in a characteristically pungent report, the FIAT factory at Togliattigrad is technically similar to the Mirafiori plant at Turin, if organisationally more hierarchical; yet the Russian workers have no way of learning from, or even about, the struggles of their Italian counterparts. More crucially, as Jiri Pelikan sombrely argues from an agonisingly informed position, the Kremlin could no more tolerate democratic socialist experiments in Italy or Spain than it did in Czechoslovakia.

The way forward pointed by the *Manifesto* congress may just be a possibility but the optimism which inspired its participants is awesome. The forces ranged against change

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are colossal. That is the clear message of Rudolf L. Tökés's richly informative volume. After the heady speculations of the *Manifesto* collection, *Eurocommunism and Détente* constitutes a harsh return to reality. Its varied chapters, consistently well researched and clearly written, present a balanced picture of the Russian, American and Eurocommunist points of view. The editor regards Berlinguer, Carrillo and Marchais as suspiciously recent and hesitant converts to liberal democracy and does not relish the thought of their presence in power, and even less in NATO. Nevertheless, his belief that Eurocommunism is authoritarian in essence and a threat to the freedom of Western Europe is countered by sympathetic accounts of the PCI by Norman Kogan, of the PCF by Ronald Tiersky and of the PCE and PCP by Eusebio Mujal-León.

However, the most interesting achievement of this volume is to put Eurocommunism into a global context. A reading of Tökés's own instructive essay on détente and dissent in Eastern Europe makes it clear that Eurocommunism is not likely to work any instant magic there. For all that Eastern communists are envious of the ideological flexibility and national independence of Carrillo and Berlinguer, for all that modernisation has provoked social and cultural tensions, Moscow's control, both economic and military, remains firm. Only in remarking on the wide support for the Polish Workers' Defence Committees and the Czech Charter 77 movement does Tökés even approximate to the positions of the *Manifesto* congress. Yet they are both a long way from being able to challenge the Soviet establishment with any hope of success. As John C. Campbell's cool assessment of Western policy options makes clear, the USA has too many troubles on its own side of the line to take its human rights policy as far as intervention. At most, it is happy for Eurocommunists, Latin or Slav, to be an embarrassment to the Russians.

Potentially as important as Western communists' relations with Eastern European are their relations with Western social democrats. Willy Brandt has called for Eurocommunist/Eurosocialist discussions. The PCI is known to be interested in establishing consultative links with Scandinavian social democrats. Bernard E. Brown's *Eurocommunism and Eurosocialism* has nothing to say about these international liaisons, concentrating instead on exclusively national accounts of Italian, French and Portuguese communism and British, German and Swedish social democracy. The lack of a chapter on either communism or socialism in Spain is an astonishing omission given the ideological importance of the PCE and the electoral weight of the PSOE. Although some of the individual chapters are excellent, especially Robert Lieber and Lewis Minkin on Britain and Brown himself on the common programme in France, this collection as a whole is unexciting and somehow remote from the crucial issues raised by the other works under review. Its unifying theme of the left and modernity seems entirely artificial when not incomprehensible. Modernisation is surely not a central issue in any of the countries examined except for Portugal and Southern Italy. And there is something other worldly about the editor's statement that the role of the extreme left in May 1968 constitutes 'persuasive evidence of the continuing appeal to a portion of the intellectual class of ultra-authoritarianism in the pursuit of modernisation'. Even the utopian deliberations of the *Manifesto* congress, let alone the hard-nosed analyses of Tökés's team, are more realistic than that.

The multi-editored Pelican volume is realistic and topical but where it is remarkable is in it sheer comprehensiveness. In addition to the expected chapters on individual communist parties and on superpower attitudes, it contains three general surveys as well as essays on the new Eurocommunist economics and on the Vatican's response. Since most of these pieces are clear and reliable, this volume can be recommended (along with Fernando Claudín's superb *Eurocommunism and Socialism* New Left Books £5.50) as the best starting point for the general reader wishing to grapple with the subject. Arrigo Levi's crystalline introduction manages to cover most of the important issues raised by Eurocommunism and still find space to throw in some stimulating reflections on the common Mediterranean and Catholic heritages of the countries concerned. Neil McInnes's overview of the 50-year march from Comintern to polycentrism is a masterpiece of concision. And Godfrey Hodgson's splendidly gripping account of the USA's confused reaction, combining prejudice, ignorance and covert operations, is alone worth the price of the book.

Edward Mortimer's precise and reasoned chapter on the PCF raises the issue of how nascent anti-sovietism was born of resentment at the Russians' dealings with De Gaulle. Jonathan Storey makes a similar point about Russo-Spanish relations although the number of factual inaccuracies in his piece makes it difficult to recognise the PCE at all. Giovanni Russo, on the PCI, and Diana Smith, on the PCP, do well to place their respective parties in the context of hectic day-to-day political change. The Eastern European dimension is well covered by Archie Brown and George Schöpflin who argue, like Rudolf Tökés, that the Eurocommunist impact is considerably less than that proclaimed by Santiago Carrillo in his *Il Manifesto* interview.

The flood of books on Eurocommunism shows no signs of abating. The reader capable of absorbing more will judge subsequent works by the standards of the Tökés and Pelican volumes. Those who have had enough can at least use the present batch as flood barriers on their shelves.

Among this week's contributors:

CRAIG RAINE's next collection of poems, *A Martian Sends a Postcard Home*, will be published later this year.

PAUL PRESTON's books include *Spain in Crisis* (1976) and *The Coming of the Spanish Civil War* (1978).

STEVEN ROSE is Professor of Biology at the Open University. He is presently working on a book about biological determinism.

DAVID BENEDICTUS's most recent novel, *A Twentieth-Century Man*, was published by Blond & Briggs early this year.

PETER WILSHER is foreign editor of the *Sunday Times*.

DELIA DAVIN lectures on the social and economic history of China at the University of York.

CHARLES FOX's series of interviews with *The World's Greatest Jazz Musicians* starts on Radio 3 today.

JONATHAN DIMBLEBY's *The Palestinians* was published recently by Quartet.

Basic needs performance: An analysis of some international data *by Glen Sheehan and Mike Hopkins*
While attempts have long been made to measure people's welfare in terms of income per head, much less attention has been paid to the measurement of welfare in terms of the satisfaction of basic needs. This study attempts to collect and analyse the currently available information on basic needs performance in 135 countries.
ISBN 92-2-102113-0 £4.40

Fiscal measures for poverty alleviation in the United States *by David Hsieh*
This book brings together much of the available evidence on the successfulness of over a decade of anti-poverty fiscal programmes in the United States. The analysis includes a description of the poor as well as assessments of the major anti-poverty fiscal expenditure and taxes. Finally, some suggestions are offered as to ways in which the shortcomings of the existing fiscal system might be overcome.
ISBN 92-2-102107-6 £5.00

Young people and work
This is a Report for the Third ILO European Regional Conference, October 1979, which discusses the problems, needs and opportunities of young people beginning work, and those receiving training in their first jobs.
ISBN 92-2-102152-1 £3.75

Vocational rehabilitation of the mentally restored
This handbook outlines basic principles for the vocational rehabilitation of those who are recovering from, or have already recovered from, mental illness. Services for the mentally restored in several European countries are described.
ISBN 92-2-102046-0 £2.50

Vocational rehabilitation of the mentally retarded
Proceedings, conclusions and recommendations of a Seminar on Vocational Rehabilitation of the Mentally Retarded, held in Kingston, Jamaica, 4-14 September, 1978
Dealing with the rights of the retarded to work, this book outlines the principle of normalisation, prevocational preparation, task analysis and a means of training the retarded for daily living and work, widening employment opportunities and the training of personnel, as well as the role of volunteers.
ISBN 92-2-102018-5 £2.50

Organisation of a production workshop for the disabled
The United Abilities Company, Ethiopia: A vocational rehabilitation monograph
The United Abilities Company in Addis Ababa is a highly profitable enterprise planned and established under ILO technical cooperation arrangements; it was subsequently developed and expanded successfully under Ethiopian management and has attracted world-wide attention. Some 400 disabled persons are now employed there, and they in turn support some 2,000 dependants. This monograph describes an umbrella production workshop operated by disabled workers and outlines some of its innovative and unique features.
ISBN 92-2-102065-7 £1.50

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Peter Wilsher

The Mental Gymnasium

Gödel, Escher, Bach: an Eternal Golden Braid by DOUGLAS R. HOFSTADTER *Harvester Press* £10.50

The title alone is a challenge. Escher and Bach? Well, most of us would reckon to have some nodding acquaintance there. But who on earth was Gödel, in this age of narrowly informed Masterminds and undernourished Brains of Britain? And even the minute minority who recognise him as one of the towering figures of modern mathematical logic, might wonder just what he is doing in company with the 18th-century master of fugal counterpoint and an artist whose waterfalls have the worrying habit of pouring uphill. In fact, one of the many puzzles about this extraordinary, exhilarating book is just where a conscientious librarian should file it. In its 777 intricately cross-cultural pages, there is ample justification for a place under music, philosophy, computer science, art, theory of numbers, biochemistry, formal systems, artificial intelligence, Zen, linguistics and the creative use of paradox. It is also, as Lewis Carroll's Alice would note with approval, well laced with pictures and highly entertaining conversation. But what, as the conscientious librarian must ask, is it About? And what did this Gödel actually do to get his name at the top of the masthead?

Starting with the second question first, Kurt Gödel to mathematical philosophy is roughly what Werner Karl Heisenberg is to physics – the author or discoverer of a principle setting absolute limits to human capability. Heisenberg, in his study of quantum mechanics, proved that there is a point beyond which the observer can no longer accurately observe, thus irrevocably blocking off one corridor down which science had hoped to enjoy an unimpeded march. Gödel, in his brief 1931 paper 'On Formally Undecidable Propositions of Principia Mathematica and Related Systems', destroyed forever the notion, tuned to its highest pitch by Bertrand Russell, that all mathematics was deducible, like Euclidean geometry, from a handful of simple axioms. Gödel's proof that this is not so – that there are true arithmetic propositions that cannot be proved within any possible set of self-consistent axioms – is one of the supreme intellectual achievements of the 20th century. In establishing the existence of a blind alley on what once appeared to be one of the great philosophic highways, it has illuminated and reorientated the whole landscape of higher thought. In particular it has profound implications for any understanding of the workings of the human brain.

This is where Hofstadter begins, conceptually if not actually on page one. He himself is a leading worker in that slightly ambiguous field known as 'artificial intelligence': the construction and programming of machines that, in some way, duplicate the functioning of a conscious mind. Already such machines can play top-class draughts and a tolerable game of chess, read handwriting, make a stab at translating from one language to another, prove (and, more to the point, find new ways of proving) mathematical theorems, answer written and even spoken questions in restricted, but quite elaborate domains, and construct poems, short stories and pieces of music that are by no means immediately distinguishable from 'the real thing'. So are we really on the road to the science-fiction writer's dream: the computer that out-thinks its designer, reflects on its errors and if necessary re-writes its own programmes and rebuilds its own hardware to overcome whatever mental and physical obstacles it finds in its path?

The relevance of Gödel here is that his Incompleteness Theorem has been advanced (sometimes very aggressively) to 'prove' that the mechanisation of brain function – whatever success may have been achieved with various specialised, but essentially elementary automata – is inherently impossible. Hofstadter is not so sure, and his doubts, set out and explained in a series of dazzling expository devices, make up the substance of this splendid *tour de force*. He is fascinated by the phenomena of isomorphism, where one set of ideas is mapped on to another, apparently completely different, and by self-reference, where thoughts and concepts appear to loop back on themselves, like nested flashbacks or plays-within-a-play. With a small cast of characters – Achilles and the Tortoise, from Zeno's paradoxes, plus the Crab, the Anteater, the Sloth and a handful of famous Mathematicians – he constructs a highly ingenious, not to say tricky, collection of dialogues which together manage to explore and illuminate some of the most baffling problems of logic, language and symbolic communication, which lie at the heart of the debate about the nature of thought.

At the same time, he contrives to make a large number of rather good jokes. Tom Stoppard's professors show how you can make metaphysics a laugh a minute, and Hofstadter is well up in their class. I particularly like his concept of Subjunctive Television – an elaboration of Instant Replay, where you can not only recall what did happen, but also what might have happened: if the ball had hit the other side of the cross bar, or been a different shape, or if the whole game had been played in the fourth dimension. And there is also, among many other strands, a long-running battle between the Crab, who wants to design the Perfect Gramophone, and the Tortoise, who keeps giving him Records Which Cannot Be Played on Your Latest Invention, which ingeniously use the machine's own mechanical characteristics in order to wreck it. This is not only entertaining, but an almost perfect metaphor for Gödel's proof, which it is part of Hofstadter's purpose to explain to non-mathematical readers. And in similarly oblique ways he coaxes and inveigles the non-scientific, the non-musical, the innumerate and the illogical into arcane mental regions that they could normally never hope to penetrate.

For once he has used his Crabs and his Anteaters to provide the conceptual equivalent of waterwings, he has no hesitation in towing his pupils out into deep water. Hooked by Hofstadter, they will find themselves trying to keep afloat in very elevated intellectual company – Quine and Tarski, Cantor and Fermat, Watson and Crick, and the Masters of Zen. It is a measure of the book's easy versatility that it as eloquent and convincing on *koans* (as an attempt to transcend the dichotomy of thought) as it is on the genetic code (as a working example of self-reproducing entities): and that may well be its real achievement – not that it resolves the argument over artificial intelligence, but that it leaves you feeling you have had a first-class workout in the best mental gymnasium in town. In 1754, a Leipzig theologian, Johann Michael Schmidt, used the example of Bach's last Chorale to argue the impossibility of constructing a mechanical device 'that thinks, or wills, or composes, or even does anything at all similar'. Machines have moved a long way since then. But the existence of many-faceted, multi-referential minds like Hofstadter's is, in itself, some indication of just how far the computer has still to go.

Russell Davies

The Comp Complex

Never Rub Bottoms with a Porcupine edited by Arthur Marshall *Allen & Unwin* £4.95

Humour, I dare say, is the sociable voice of criticism, of complaint; since it is very much easier to utter a complaint than to justify one, it follows that humour tends to take the form of prejudice. Even the worst stand-up comedian can rescue a tottering act so long as he is still capable of a desperate, unreasoning swipe at Irish men, Pakistanis or Mr Tony Benn.

British humour is commonly right-wing with a tendency to persecution mania. It is actually quite hard to be leftish and funny at the same time, for egalitarianism, of course, sets itself against that disproportion on which comical effects depend. Left-wing humour is often called 'satire' – a name which warns people they may be attacked – and if it is successful, it will be greeted by the all-purpose accolade 'clever stuff'. This is what the NEW STATESMAN Comp is traditionally full of. It is organised (a trifle defensively?) so that clever stuff will result; and it does. The present volume, which I must say is both handsome and cheap, is full of what even *Spectator* readers will recognise as startling ingenuities. And having arrived at last at our *moutons*, let us salute the shepherd: Arthur Marshall, whose third flock of Comps this is. Mr Marshall, incidentally, regards himself as somewhat to the right of his cousin Madge, who has herself disappeared off the dexter end of the Worsthorne Scale.

In recent years, it is clear, the Comp has sidled more and more louchely into the apolitical bourn of sex. Nostalgic Comps are still set in the style of 1968 – have we had an Ode to Buzby in the manner of Keats yet? – but nowadays we are more likely to be asked to retail the conversation between say Brian Clough and Elizabeth I, in bed, after a failed seduction. (If not asked for it, competitors manage to supply something of the kind, on the slightest pretext.) As part of a giant acrostic by J. M. Haynes remarks, 'Your Competi-

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tion Humours Warped Readers' Nastier Drolleries'. However, the Sage of Appleton has steeled himself and includes some of same; and none better than Brendan Gorse's desolate scenario from the same Comp, 'EDINBURGH: Erection Definitely Imminent Now. Book Usual Room Grand Hotel.'

One can tell that most compsters were brought up in the Age of Austerity. The more economy they are required to demonstrate, it seems to me, the better they get. 1969 was rather a wordy year, on the whole, but two of its comps demanded one-liners and produced famous results. The one seeking self-evident proverbs must be among the best of all time, even though it provided this book with a rather regrettably twee title. Brian Richards's 'Seek not cherry blossom on the plum tree' and Woddis's tremendous 'He digs deepest who deepest digs' are sonorities fit to be embroidered in Neva-Snap gold-style thread and hung over the kind of bar where the kind of men who say 'it makes you think' drink. Comps which call for clever competitors to be deliberately obtuse or even brutal (e.g. the lamented George van Schaick's 'gloves make a poor present for the man with no hands') seem seldom to fail. Then the same year threw up, if I may so put it, the 'Hello World' Comp, featuring famous first words of new-born celebrities. Note how much funnier the in-house socialist jokes are (Harold Wilson: 'This is Labour's best result so far', or 'I knew there was light at the end of the tunnel') than the striving, satirical joke which forces you into a momentary complicity with its abominable premises (Enoch Powell's 'Oh my God! An immigrant doctor').

Among latter-day snappy-Comps, my favourite is last year's double-barrelled names exercise: 'Bend-Over Boyes, the public-master' and so on. The ones that have stuck in my head are 'Hugh Zapretti-Boyden, the budgerigar breeder' and 'Hugh Wood-Woodger, the policeman', both devised by women I see. At least, I would like to be able to say that women have made great strides over the last decade towards equality of representation in the Comp; but of course you can never tell, even today, what's in a name – a girl, or Martin Fagg in drag again. However, Rosemary Dinnage looked genuine enough the last time I saw her, so I'd like to congratulate her on her Chinese poem *To a Gas-Filter, Conversion Unit No.9.*

> Since you, sir, went away,
> The light of my cooker has gone out.
> Only my longing burns like the sea flame;
> Will you ever come back?

I wish there had been room for one of Michael ffolkes's drawings to complement the rare wispiness of this.

To those who have not entered a Comp, or persist in not winning, I offer the following variegated and well-distilled hints. It is worth brushing up your Shakespeare; parodies still come up. Even better, Chaucer, for whom the powers-that-be have an undying partiality. Work at anagrams of names in your spare time. They are always useful. (If you hit upon a better one than Smasher Ransome's 'Humbert Humbert: Rub them rub them', I'll be surprised.) Don't be afraid to try out old jokes. Even old new jokes. Somebody got a prize in 1975 for a crack about the 'alien porn'. It happens! Finally, always type your entries, or write them very neatly on a ten-pound note; and remember, 'one does not moisten a stamp with the Niagara Falls'.

Nicholas Shrimpton

A Dash of Kim

Shadow of the Moon by M. M. KAYE *Allen Lane* £5.95
Benefits by ZOE FAIRBAIRNS *Virago* £6.95 and £2.95.
Mother Can You Hear Me? by MARGARET FORSTER *Secker* £5.90
The Top of the Hill by IRWIN SHAW *Weidenfeld* £5.50

Once upon a time Hollywood made what were known as 'women's pictures'. They were not, as is sometimes presumed, simply romantic. Rather they offered an intriguing combination of the strange and the thoroughly familiar. Glamorous characters in exotic settings remained preoccupied with the mundane events of the life of the heart. Courtships and marriages, pregnancies and family relationships held the centre of the stage, providing an entertainment which was somehow escapist and realistic at the same time.

It would be a brave critic who attempted to identify an equivalent category of 'women's novels'. But, whichever sex actually buys the books, the formula which once worked for the movies obviously still functions well for fiction. M. M. Kaye's *The Far Pavilions* blended lurid oriental colour with homely occidental emotions. A quarter of a million copies have been sold in hardback alone, in less than a year. *Shadow of the Moon,* from the same hand and in the same manner, seems set to repeat that extraordinary success.

It's not in fact a new novel, having first seen the light of day, in abbreviated form, in 1957. But it is an extraordinarily apt successor to *The Far Pavilions.* Like that book it is a romance set in Victorian India. Like that book, again, its plot combines a dash of *Kim* with a good deal of *Tristan und Isolde.* Winter de Ballesteros, the heroine, is the orphan daughter of an English heiress and a Spanish aristocrat. Born in Lucknow and brought up in England, she is betrothed at the tender age of eleven to a distant relative. But he is a district commissioner in far-away India and when the moment comes for him to claim his bride he is so broken down by drink and debauchery ('two things that have never yet failed to ruin those devotees who have worshipped them to excess') that he cannot face the journey to fetch her. Instead he sends his handsome, upright and courageous assistant, Alex Randle. There follow six hundred pages of aching erotic suspense as the overpowering mutual attraction of traveller and guide struggles with their feelings of honour and duty.

Amid all this emotional drama we also have the little matter of the Indian Mutiny, about which it must be said M. M. Kaye writes with conspicuous expertise. She is eager to celebrate the empire builders from whom she is descended. But she is also close enough to India to see it through the eyes of its own people. For them the Mutiny is a war of liberation and Alex is given the insight to see it as such. Intellectual argument of this kind is very welcome and it does, of course, have to be attributed to someone. The trouble is that everything else is attributed to Alex as well. When his mighty brain isn't predicting the next hundred years of Indian history, his mighty body is wrestling with sharks or saving the Raj single-handed. If you can tolerate a bionic tailor's dummy for a hero, however, the local colour is terrific.

Benefits, written by the poetry editor of *Spare Rib* and published by Virago, is a women's novel in a very different sense. It begins as a brisk tract on the campaigns for abortion on demand and the retention of child benefits. It then suddenly transforms itself into a zany dystopia, set in the closing years of the 20th century. In part this is a satirical reversal of current arguments against legal abortion, since the woman of the future's right to choose is inhibited by compulsory birth control and she resorts to back-street doctors in order to become pregnant. But there is also an attempt to pursue a serious political hypothesis. A new government begins to pay women substantial salaries for rearing their own children. This seemingly desirable step leads immediately to the exclusion of women from the job-market, and ultimately to a policy of selective breeding. By the end we seem to be back with the old Welfare State, some of its warts and all. As a vision of the future the book suffers from the extreme narrowness of its focus. As an argument it is confused by its author's inability to resist distractions. Zoe Fairbairns writes excellent jokes. But she does need a tighter framework in which to set them.

Fortunately there is a stretch of distinctively feminine territory between these two extremes and it is inhabited by Margaret Forster. *Mother Can You Hear Me?* is a woman's book only in the sense that few men

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would have the kind of cold courage needed to write it. Her heroine, Angela Bradbury, is coping simultaneously with a senile mother and an adolescent daughter. The guilts and confusions of such onerous relationships are first given a marvellously concrete presence and then grimly anatomised. The dark conclusion seems to be that we all attempt to put right in our behaviour towards our children what went wrong in our parents' behaviour towards us, only to realise too late that we are dealing with quite different people in entirely new circumstances. At the very end the cloud lifts a little, with a hint of the possibility of uncomplicated friendship between mother and daughter. I didn't myself feel that the scene had quite enough substance to offset the gloomy implications of the previous chapters. I also found it odd that in a novel about mothers and daughters the most memorable character should be Father, a cantankerous old gentleman of limited but pungent views. But it remains a beguiling combination of craftsmanship and clearsightedness.

Irwin Shaw's *The Top of the Hill* seems in this company almost prickly with macho. His hero spends his life sky-diving, surf-boarding, screwing and skiing in order to show the world that his mother was wrong to mollycoddle him. When he finally feels that the point has been made he condescendingly returns to his meek little wife. If she had any brains in her head she'd have taken out life assurance and told him to keep right on jumping.

David Benedictus

No Offence

A Seamless Robe: Broadcasting Philosophy and Practice by CHARLES CURRAN *Collins* £8.95

A World in Your Ear: The Broadcasting of an Era, 1923-64 by ROBERT WOOD *Macmillan* £6.95

He was a first-class Cambridge historian with an Irish father and a Scottish mother. Educated in a Yorkshire mining village, he worked his way up the BBC ladder and can speak Urdu, Modern Greek, Italian and Spanish. If you had programmed a computer to find the ideal Director General for the BBC, it would have certainly come up with somebody a lot like Sir Charles Curran. It might not have cared for his Catholicism (one of the Governors didn't at all), but his predecessor, Hugh Carleton Greene, had admitted to being a 'respectful agnostic', so a liberal-minded Catholic sounded like good news. Do computers apologise? For Curran's appointment to such a job at such a time was not a success, and for all the fine phrases in his quaintly named book, *A Seamless Robe,* one feels he knew it too.

On 1 April (sic) 1969 he took over an organisation which enjoyed controversy and one which, by publishing in June 1969 its manifesto, 'Broadcasting in the Seventies', invited it. The country was outraged at the BBC's plans for radical revisions; today they might be relieved. For when in 1977 Curran handed over his hot seat to Ian Trethowan, he handed over a corporation deeply in debt and dispirited. Much of its talent had been wooed away by its rivals to jobs where it could enjoy greater creative freedom and be better paid for its pleasure; and politicians were beginning to scent blood.

How much of this decline was Curran's fault? He argues that, when he took over, 'my problem was to withdraw . . . from some degree of the prominence which had been acquired by Sir Hugh Greene without abandoning either the authority or the initiatives which he had taken.' But Greene's prominence was a direct result of his initiatives. There is bound to be heat in the kitchen. Certainly Lord Hill, as Chairman of the Governors, made things difficult for Curran. Furthermore Curran could count on little support from the politicians. Callaghan, Heath and especially Wilson, made very rude noises about the BBC, but none of them dared to invoke the notorious 'veto' – the statutory right of a Government to require the BBC to refrain from broadcasting particular material. Curran outmanoeuvred this unholy trinity, and resisted Wedgwood Benn's attempts to get the BBC to accept advertising revenue.

But he totally failed to inspire his programme editors and producers (as Greene had done; I know, because I was there) with the confidence of his protection. Perhaps he confused them. On page 252 he writes: 'creativity comes from individual producers operating in freedom. That is the experience of 50 years of broadcasting.' But on page 100 we find: 'There must be a restraint of courtesy in the attitude of the producer towards his audience.' These contradictory requirements may be replicated many times throughout the book. Significantly, I think, he says nothing of writers' responsibilities. Should a writer remain 'courteous' when treating of such discourtesies as genocide or the brutalisation of mentally retarded patients in prison? Should indeed a producer? 'It is one thing to offend a man's sense of what is proper. It is a much greater thing to offend his conscience.' And again: 'It is not the tolerance of the BBC which is in issue. It is that of the audience.' Fine phrases, but what did they come down to in practice? The BBC turned down *The Naked Civil Servant* which brought international acclaim (and profit) to a competitor. Curran permitted a play about Casement to be broadcast, *but only on Radio 3.* Hochhuth's play *The Soldiers* would not have been permitted 'because the BBC's reputation for truth-telling would be damaged by presenting a play on this thesis' (that Churchill arranged Sikorski's assassination). The second showing of *Gotcha* was cancelled at very short notice 'following – but not because of – representations by Mrs Whitehouse'. Nowhere are we told why therefore the play's repeat *was* cancelled; although Mrs W. is given pretty summary treatment by Sir Charles.

'On the whole,' he comforts himself, though not me, 'it is bad programmes which offend. Good programmes on difficult themes avoid offence because of their sheer quality.'

Politically then Curran was resolute in maintaining the Corporation's independence. But the battle could never be conclusively won, for

> the Director General must remember that in maintaining freedom to broadcast programmes which have a critical approach to society he is making more difficult his own task of persuading the state to furnish him with the money to produce these programmes.

It was no coincidence that the Government recently and scandalously – here Sir Charles and I agree – increased the BBC's borrowing powers from £30 million to £100 million.

But artistically – and this was a battle he could have won – he was over-cautious, failing to appreciate the astonishing calibre of talent in Greene's stable, letting these contentious but stimulating talents go elsewhere, as well as those who had promoted them, until he was left with schedules which could be filled only by the old pros, whose ink had long since turned to cold porridge, and by the old films, which are cheap to televise and agreeable to watch. This evening, as I write these words, with ITV cooling its bruised heels, BBC Television offers us three major films, two of them American, and the dire Petrocelli, also imported and finding its way, as so much of the 14-16% of imported material regularly seems to do, into the peak hours. Gardening, darts, badminton and the training of gundogs also feature, but there is not one British drama or current affairs programme.

It's a pleasant contrast to turn to the memoirs of the late Robert Wood MVO, FRSA, who joined the BBC in 1923 and became Engineer in Charge of Outside Broadcasts until retiring in 1964. When Chamberlain returned from Munich with his beastly scrap of paper, Mr Wood saw the event in terms of where best to position the mike. He also helped George VI overcome his stammer and gave young Richard Dimbleby his first break. After retiring he was able to go every year with Barbara to Benidorm, of which he wrote, 'I like to sit with a glass on the terrace, letting the sun brown me outside and the brandy warm me inside, and I feel good.' Do ex-Directors General find such peace in the autumn of their lives?

Peter Porter

Lip Service

Game, set and match to the blubbering king.
What you do with lips is amazing
But you may prefer to eat, win points or
sing.

They go over the side of the rubber raft,
All those losers, those words like *bereft.*
To come out of our warm books would be
daft.

Heart Failure! The lower lip has whitened
With a blue pump-line like the back-end
Of our fattest silkworm. So rich, so
frightened!

These mouth the rituals which we say the
eyes
Are the home of, soul-cities. An old wheeze
Of the invisible, not to know truth from lies.

Two armies meet and recoil, they roll up
their fronts
On a smile: gravestones wettened like fonts.
Fafner skulks here who was a giant once.

Thus the tongue which must tell the old old
story
Of those who lie on each other long and
warmly
Is betrayed and discovered. The chorus:
'Orrore! Orrore!'

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September Books

The following is a selection of books published during the month of September and received by the NEW STATESMAN. Inclusion in this list does not preclude the possibility of a future review.

Art, Architecture, Music

SIDNEY ALEXANDER **Marc Chagall** *Cassell* £8.95. An account of the artist's life in Russia, France and America, with some black-and-white illustrations.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN **The Operas** edited by David Herbert *Hamish Hamilton* £30. Librettos of the operas, with pictorial records of their production and essays by Peter Pears, Hans Keller, and others.

RAY CHARLES & DAVID RITZ **Brother Ray: Ray Charles' Own Story** *Macdonald & Jane's* £5.95. An autobiography.

BRIAN CLARKE (Ed.) **Architectural Stained Glass** *John Murray* £20. The first half consists of essays by distinguished designers on the modern uses of stained glass and the second half of examples of the work of designers, in colour and in black-and-white.

WILLIAM P. GOTTLIEB **The Golden Age of Jazz** *Quartet* £8.50. Stories and pictures from the reporter/photographer who covered jazz for the *Washington Post* and *Down Beat* in the Thirties and Forties.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH **Super Realism** *Phaidon* £5.95. An illustrated essay discussing this contemporary movement in art.

SHELLEY ROHDE **A Private View of L. S. Lowry** *Collins* £8.50. The first major biography of the artist, with black-and-white reproductions of his paintings.

ROGER SCRUTON **The Aesthetics of Architecture** *Methuen* £12.50 and £6.95. A theory of aesthetic judgment applied to modern architecture, including examinations of the Freudian, Marxist and semiological points-of-view.

Autobiography and Biography

LEWIS CARROLL **The Letters, Vol I & II** *Macmillan* £17.50 per vol. The collected letters of Charles Dodgson.

JOHN CLUBBE (Ed.) **Froude's Life of Carlyle** *John Murray* £17.50. An abridgement of the four-volume biography published in the 1880s.

DAVID COHEN **J. B. Watson: The Founder of Behaviourism** *Routledge* £8.95. Professor of Psychology at Yale at the age of 29, Watson was forced out of the profession 10 years later and spent the rest of his working life in the world of advertising.

ANTONIA FRASER **King Charles II** *Weidenfeld* £8.95. A substantial, illustrated, annotated biography, offering re-assessments of his relationships and his reign.

JEANNE MACKENZIE **A Victorian Courtship** *Weidenfeld* £5.50. The story of the relationship between Beatrice Potter and Sidney Webb.

VIJAYA LAKSHMI PANDIT **The Scope of Happiness: A Personal Memoir** *Duckworth* £8.95. An autobiography by Indira Gandhi's aunt who has been closely involved in the recent history of India.

RICHARD PANKHURST **Sylvia Pankhurst: Artist and Crusader** *Paddington* £7.95. A biography of Sylvia Pankhurst by her son, illustrated with black-and-white reproductions of her paintings.

GEORGE SAND **My Life** *Gollancz* £7.95. The story of her life from her unhappy girlhood to her relationship with Chopin just before his death.

Fiction

GEORGES BATAILLE **Blue of Noon** *Marion Boyars* £5.95. An exploration of the subversive power of sex against a background of Thirties' fascism.

DAVID COOK **Winter Doves** *Secker* £4.95. A sequel to *Walter* in which, after 19 years in an institution, Walter meets Jane and life starts to change.

ALICE HOFFMAN **The Drowning Season** *Hutchinson* £5.95. The story of an isolated, eccentric family living on the East Coast of America.

IRVING HOWE & RUTH R. WISSE (Eds.) **The Best of Sholom Aleichem** *Weidenfeld* £5.95. Selected stories by the Yiddish writer, some in new translations, with an introduction in the form of a dialogue between the editors.

OLIVER KNOX **Brothers at War** *Collins* £4.50. The relationship between two disparate brothers from the Thirties to the present.

GEORGI VLADIMOV **Faithful Ruslan** *Cape* £4.95. A guard-dog's-eye view of Russian society from the mid-Fifties.

ANTONIA WHITE **The Lost Traveller, The Sugar House, Beyond the Glass** *Virago* £2.25, £1.95 and £2.25 respectively. Sequels to *Frost in May* in which Clara Batchelor becomes an actress, has affairs, marries, unmarries and is still dogged by her Catholic upbringing.

History

ROBERT ASHTON **The City and the Court 1603-1643** *Cambridge* £10.50. The role of the city of London in the Civil War and its prologue.

PATRICK BUCKLAND **The Factory of Grievances: Devolved Government in Northern Ireland 1921-39** *Gill & Macmillan* £13. This analysis of the operation of regional government in the inter-war years is based on cabinet and departmental papers.

HELEN FEIN **Accounting for Genocide** *Collier Macmillan* £11.95. A thoroughly annotated examination of the Holocaust, combining the first-hand accounts of the victims with historical and sociological analysis.

FRANCIS OAKLEY **The Crucial Centuries: The Medieval Experience** *Terra Nova* £6.95 and £4.25. Dr Oakley argues that changes in medieval Europe – in the areas of economics, theology and philosophy, monarchy and constitution, intellectual life and attitudes to women – were fundamental to the development of the society we have now.

THEODORE ZELDIN **Ambition and Love: France 1848-1945** *Oxford* £2.95. The second of the paperbacks to be taken from Zeldin's major history of France covers the early part of the work on family life and social relationships and aspirations.

Poetry and Literary Criticism

ROBERT CONQUEST **Forays** *Chatto* £3. A new collection of poems from the editor of *New Lines*, the Movement anthology of the Fifties.

RALPH FOX **The Novel and the People** *Lawrence & Wishart* £2.95. The first edition for over 30 years of a classic of British Marxist literary criticism.

STANLEY KUNITZ **Poems 1928-1978** *Secker* £6.50. One hundred and fifty selected poems, including 20 new poems, and arranged in reverse chronological order.

FRANK ORMSBY (Ed.) **Poets from the North of Ireland** *Blackstaff* £3.95. Selected work of Ulster poets from 1900 to the present.

MICHAEL ROSENTHAL **Virginia Woolf** *Routledge* £7.95. A critical study with emphasis on her pre-occupation with form.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS **Politics and Letters** *New Left Books* £12.75. A collection of interviews with the *New Left Review*.

Politics and Current Affairs

KEITH G. BANTING **Poverty, Politics & Policy** *Macmillan* £12. A discussion of social policy in respect of poverty in the Sixties.

TOM BOTTOMORE (Ed.) **Karl Marx** *Blackwell* £9.95 and £3.50. An introduction to Marx's theory with essays on his thought by Isaiah Berlin, Georg Lukacs and many others.

BARUCH HIRSON **Year of Fire, Year of Ash** *Zed Press* £12.95 and £3.95. An examination of the roots of the Soweto Revolution.

HERBERT MARCUSE **The Aesthetic Dimension** *Papermac* £1.95. 'Toward a critique of Marxist aesthetics.'

JAMES MARGACH **The Anatomy of Power** *W. H. Allen* £5.50. The late James Margach knew the 12 Prime Ministers whom he discusses and the workings of the political lobby in his role as political correspondent.

JOHN MARKS **The Search for the 'Manchurian Candidate'** *Allen Lane* £5.50. The story of the CIA's researches into the control of the mind by drugs, hypnosis, ECT, and other psychological means.

ROSS TERRILL (Ed.) **The China Difference** *Harper & Row* £5.95. 'A portrait of life today' in China by 15 essayists all of whom are familiar with the country.

PETER WYDEN **Bay of Pigs** *Cape* £7.95. A detailed account of the incident, what led up to it, and what might yet follow.

Social Issues and Philosophy

DAVID ASCOLI **The Queen's Peace** *Hamish Hamilton* £9.95. 'The origins and development of the Metropolitan Police 1829-1979' with a foreword by Sir Robert Mark.

CHRISTOPHER BAGLEY & GAJENDRA K. VERMA **Racial Prejudice, the Individual and Society** *Saxon House* £8.50. In this second volume of their study of a three-level model of prejudice (cultural, social & personal) the authors concentrate on social factors.

JOHN CLARKE, CHARLES CRITCHER & RICHARD JOHNSON (Eds) **Working Class Culture** *Hutchinson* £8.95 and £3.95. 'Studies in history and theory.'

PATRICK DEVLIN **The Judge** *Oxford* £7.50. A survey of the operation of our legal system with particular emphasis on the role and place of the judge.

ANTHONY GIDDENS **Central Problems in Social Theory** *Macmillan* £10 and £3.95. A new approach to social theory, discussing but rejecting the narrow limits of structuralism, functionalism and interpretative sociology.

BRIAN JACKSON & SONIA JACKSON **Childminder: A Study in Action Research** *Routledge* £7.95. This first full-length, nationwide study of childminding in action represents 14 years of research.

MARTIN LONEY & MARK ALLEN (Eds) **The Crisis of the Inner City** *Macmillan* £10 and £3.95. Essays from differing political standpoints on urban programmes and their relationship to local communities.

MAURICE PUNCH **Policing the Inner City** *Macmillan* £12. 'A study of Amsterdam's Warmoesstraat.'

Miscellaneous

RICHARD JEFFERIES **The Pageant of Summer** *Quartet* £1.95. Collected essays by the 19th-century writer and naturalist.

HORACE FREELAND JUDSON **The Eighth Day of Creation** *Cape* £7.95. A historical account of the major discoveries in molecular biology, including interviews with the leading scientists involved.

JESSICA MITFORD **The Making of a Muckraker** *Michael Joseph* £6.95. A collection of her articles with comments and introduction.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Charles Fox

New Chicago Style

What posterity customarily inherits from departed painters are abandoned canvases, from writers notebooks and diaries, from comedians possibly a blue-pencilled script or two. Jazz musicians, however, tend to leave caches of tape. Duke Ellington, for example, must have gone into the recording studio much more frequently than anybody supposed. The latest proof of this, *Unknown Session* (CBS 82819), its title almost too utilitarian to be true, is the work of a small group, yet possesses the authentic Ellington sound. But in 1960 most of Ellington's great sidemen were still on hand to create that sound, even if a few occasionally parodied themselves (Lawrence Brown's trombone-playing often verges on the unctuous). Johnny Hodges's alto saxophone solo in 'Dual Highway' blends economy with lyricism; while, holding the group together – just as, right up to the end, it acted as a keel for the entire Ellington orchestra – is Harry Carney's baritone saxophone, deep and dark yet never sombre.

That session might have been unknown but the tunes are mostly familiar. 'Mood Indigo', 'Black Beauty' and 'All Too Soon' among them. Only a couple of pre-war numbers, however, 'Wanderlust' and 'Black Butterfly', turn up on *Up In Duke's Workshop* (Pablo 2310 815), most of the items dating from the end of the 1960s. This group is only slightly larger, no more than middle-sized. Cootie Williams growls on his trumpet, Hodges floats through one of the numbers. But the majority of tracks were recorded after Hodges's death (Norris Turney acts as a capable understudy), when more and more new men were taking over; sometimes – like Wild Bill Davis, the organist – introducing unfamiliar timbres. The themes, too, seem less haunting, the voicings more predictable. Which may be why Ellington went in for exotic rhythms instead, although turning a theme from his 1931 classic, 'Creole Rhapsody', into a boogaloo was taking populism too far.

Johnny Hodges happened to be the only saxophonist of his generation who showed signs of having been influenced by Sidney Bechet, although Bechet was almost alone (his only rival was Louis Armstrong) in sounding totally mature – already a virtuoso, in fact – by the start of the 1920s. After the second world war, hero-worshipped in France, Bechet would often take his playing lazily. But in 1939, when he began recording for Blue Note, he was at the height of his powers, simultaneously fiery and sensual, manoeuvring that most wilful of instruments, the soprano saxophone, with the kind of panache often associated with actor-managers. 'Summertime', one of his noblest solos, can be found on Vol. 1 (Blue Note BNS 4001) of Bechet's *Jazz Classics*. By contrast with that larger-than-life approach to the soprano saxophone, Bechet's clarinet-playing could be much more subtle, with much warping of tone and pitch. Both volumes (Vol. 2 is on Blue Note BNS 40002) have examples of this, notably the duets with another New Orleans clarinettist, Albert Nicholas.

Why Bechet exerted so little impact upon his contemporaries was because he spent most of the 1920s away from America (in 1926 he was blowing his saxophone in, among other remote spots, Kharkov and Odessa). Eric Dolphy, a very gifted saxophonist of a later generation, experienced a similar lack of influence, but for a different reason: his innovations were less obvious, certainly less startling, than those Ornette Coleman was making at about the same time. In retrospect, Dol-

phy's stature appears unassailable, just as the LP, *Out To Lunch* (Blue Note BNS 40017), recorded in February 1964, only four months before Dolphy died, aged 36, now seems both landmark and monument. Dolphy's skirmishings on alto saxophone, tethered harmonically yet highly volatile, are supplemented by equally remarkable improvising – sumptuous, bristling, occasionally querulous – on the bass clarinet, an instrument Dolphy pioneered in jazz.

The Bechet and Dolphy LPs are just three in a large batch of Blue Note records that United Artists have made available. Arista, too have recently put out a generous selection from the Savoy catalogue (several albums were reviewed in these columns last May). Other companies may be more sparing, but their reissues can be equally satisfying. *The Bud Freeman Trio* (London HMC 5032), for instance, made up of recordings from 1938 by Freeman (tenor saxophone), Jess Stacy (piano) and George Wettling (drums). If Freeman is historically the most important of the three (he created the only alternative tenor saxophone style to Coleman Hawkins's in those years before Lester Young), Stacy remains the most under-rated, yet his staccato touch, his audacious rhythmic forays, proclaim him to be a major jazz pianist. As well as a hell-for-leather 'I Got Rhythm', there are versions of several numbers – 'Keep Smiling at Trouble', 'You Took Advantage Of Me' – that Freeman has always been fond of playing.

Bud Freeman, of course, was one of a bunch of enthusiastic white schoolboys who set out to emulate the black musicians they heard on Chicago's South Side. The last decade and a half, interestingly enough, has seen the development of a new Chicago style, this time by black musicians, putting an emphasis, unlike most of the New York avant-garde, on fastidiousness, eclecticism (especially within the black tradition) and multi-instrumental ability. Theatricality creeps in too. When the Art Ensemble of Chicago appeared at the Camden Festival earlier this year they wore robes, salaamed eastward before beginning, and – much more surprisingly – stuck to what seemed to be prepared routines, including a performance of 'Dreaming Of The Master' which in outline was exactly like that to be found on *Nice Guys* (ECM 1126), an LP that features, among other virtues, the sturdy, sometimes highly traditional trumpet-playing of Lester Bowie.

John Coltrane's music of the early 1960s is evidence enough of the Oriental influence upon latter-day jazz. Something similar can be found in the work of a trio – Collin Walcott, Don Cherry, Nana Vasoncelos – on the LP *Codona* (ECM 1132), not just because of the wiry twang of the sitar, the pitter-patter of the tabla, but because of the style of improvising, even the way a piece such as 'New Light' begins with a ruminative section, very like the *alap* preceding the rhythmic part of a raga. Outstanding here is the playing – especially on trumpet – of Don Cherry, once a member of Ornette Coleman's original quartet. (By a bizarre coincidence, Cherry has been touring Britain recently in the unlikely context of a rock package featuring the all-girl group, The Slits.) A fusion of a different kind, stretching back much further, brings together the concert violinist, Pinchas Zukerman and the French jazz pianist, Claude Bolling. Bolling's composition *Suite For Violin And Jazz Piano* (CBS 73833) is a cut above most projects of this sort: light-hearted, venturing into popular genres other than jazz (Zukerman seems most at home in the lilting ragtime movement), far removed from the earnest ecumenicism of 1950s Third Stream.

Small specialist labels, often run by musicians themselves, become more and more necessary in a world where the economics of the record industry encourage major companies to concentrate increasingly upon the mass market. Tony Williams started the Spotlite label to reissue rare bebop 78s but has latterly expanded his aims. *Not Much Noise* (Spotlite SPJLP19) presents a trio, led by the American Mike Zwerin (trombone, bass trumpet), improvising on pieces as diverse as Lester Young's 'Tickle Toe' and Stock-

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hausen's 'Meeting Point' (not so much a theme, more a set of instructions). On *Namely Me* (Spotlite SPJLP17) the trumpeter Jon Eardley (he used to work with Gerry Mulligan in the 1950s) is in typically lyrical form; so are two Britons, John Taylor (piano) and Pete King (alto sax). And the fact that Tony Coe (born in Canterbury) ranks among the world's finest jazz musicians is confirmed yet again by his tenor saxophone and clarinet solos on *Coe-Existence* (Lee Lambert LAM 100), mostly ballads, including a stunning version of 'I'm Getting Sentimental Over You'. *Frames* (Ogun OGD 004) consists of a work written by Keith Tippett for his 22-piece band Ark (it has, as you might expect, two of everything). There are duets by Tippett and Stan Tracey, by the two singers (one is Keith's wife, the former Julie Driscoll), and the two trumpeters, Henry Lowther and Mark Charig. But what impresses most is how Tippett's composition embraces quite freeish improvising. An ambitious enterprise but on a human scale, very akin – in spirit, anyway – to what Duke Ellington was up to half-a-century ago.

Television

Jonathan Dimbleby

Servile Screen

At the end of the week, when the Marxists had finally run out of mud pies, the old leader of the Labour Party forced an icy smile for the cameras as he mumbled his way through the Red Flag.

It is not the fault of the BBC commentators, who were lucid and informed, that after five days of *Conference* (BBC-2) it is only the image that remains. As victims of a ritual they are obliged to record only what appears on the rostrum. We were spared none of it. One delegate after another trooped through the living room to bring the news from the grassroots: leaden voices filled with righteousness beating us about the head with truisms wrapped in jargon. By Friday morning even the most receptive mind was benumbed. The only relief from the tedious or baffling was a tantalising glimpse of the Mighty humbled: sullen Jim Callaghan affecting disdain, Denis Healey rocking with mirthless laughter at any sillybilly impudent enough to challenge his certainties.

The lesson for democrats is that Conference television needs the freedom to do its journalism properly. We need reporters assigned to the points of power – to key trades unions, radical constituency parties, MPs from marginal seats, and members of the NEC. We need cameras on the floor in search of comment; cross-examination of the protagonists as each issue arises. Instead we get Robin Day describing the pot-plants on the platform as yet another card-vote is called to confirm the inevitable. Mr Day seemed disgruntled. Anyway he took to bullying Bob McKenzie whenever the good professor dared to intrude a comment of his own about the proceedings. Eventually the BBC's chief prosecutor was given space to exercise his unrivalled forensic muscle by courtesy of *Nationwide* (BBC-1), though his interview with Mr Callaghan demonstrated only that, as a bully, the former Prime Minister is still without peer.

Otherwise *Nationwide* (the only nightly current affairs programme on the air at the moment) remained unremittingly trivial. On Thursday it brought us the oafish presence of Howard Jarvis who harangued a hapless Sue Lawley on the wonders of Proposition 13 which had been devised by him to allow the electors of California to vote themselves a giant-sized tax-cut. Miss Lawley remonstrated mildly but without effect. The only question the garrulous Mr Jarvis appeared to hear was an obliging: 'You think it would work here?' Mr Jarvis thought it would. But would it? *Nationwide* seemed neither to know nor to care. And that is not only sloppy but irresponsible.

The same programme produced the week's most cretinous question. After a report on the closure of Fulham Public Baths in which we learned that local children will now go without swimming and old people without hot baths, Bob Welling confronted the protesters, some of whom turned out to be trade unionists. Summoning all the reserves of *Nationwide*'s authority, Mr Welling demanded on behalf of us all: 'Are any of you politically motivated?'

Some of *Nationwide*'s shallowness has evidently infected the newsroom. How otherwise is it possible to explain the failure of the *News* (BBC-1) to cover the horror of Kampuchea with the same dedication that it displayed when some zebras died at Rome Airport? No pictures? There was only a plane in Rome. Nor was there film of Belsen – until afterwards.

The BBC has the power of a monopoly to insist, by sustained coverage, that 3 million people facing the prospect of death before Christmas constitutes a major international crisis. The *News* has an obligation to report the politics of starvation which perpetuate the misery. Each day that it fails to do so, it frustrates – however innocently – a solution.

It is by default not conspiracy, feebleness not design, that television distorts the world it seeks to mirror. Thus last week the *News* carried a 'special' from South Africa on the anniversary of Pik Botha's accession to power. With the BBC in dutiful attendance, apartheid's frontman took a trip home to his birthplace, went to church, and answered a question from the Corporation's man on the spot, so deferential that it might have been addressed to the Pope.

The reporter told us that under pressure from the West Mr Botha is seeking to improve the image of South Africa by – for instance – permitting the creation of black trades unions as well as the union in marriage of black with white. But what function can be served by a trade union when black unemployment is way over 50 per cent? And into what racial category will the regime shove the newlyweds? Will the happy couple and their offspring enjoy the privileges of whites? Or the humiliation of blacks? Simple enough questions but ignored by the BBC – which thus told Britain precisely what South Africa wanted us to hear.

In its late-night corner *Propaganda With Facts* (BBC-2) went to the film archives for a timely glance at the work of the late, unlamented Ministry of Information. A reassuring commentator explained the principles of British propaganda: 'Facts could be withheld, facts could be added – but no lies were ever told.' He sounded absolutely sincere, too.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Paramilitary

Aida *Coliseum*
Thérèse *Covent Garden*

'This grandest of all grand operas', the Coliseum programme calls *Aida*. The ENO has therefore treated the work to a vilely tumescent, vulgarly sumptuous staging. The producer is John Copley, the designer Stefanos Lazaridis, but the presiding genius is Cecil B. de Mille. Amneris's boudoir, for instance, is a bazaar of Levantine bizarrerie, cooled by fronded banners, supplied with muzak by a tiger-visaged harp, and patrolled by a gruesome bald-pated capering dwarf. The characters are mere adjuncts of the scenery, porters for the costumes. Even the eviscerated bears with which the floor is littered during the triumph scene sport gold bracelets and gem-studded chokers. Amneris, instead of concentrating on her tense interrogation of Aida, is preoccupied with the rites of the toilet table, dabbing aphrodisiac essences on her wrists, clipping jewels into place, and checking her plumage in a gilded mirror. Aida and Radames die, only too aptly, crushed by the decor. They suffocate beneath a battered gold mask which lours over them.

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The furnishings not only pre-empt the drama but supplement the music. The tinkling of the bells with which the extras are bespangled contributes an aleatory chorus during Aida's solemn prayer after her quarrel with Amneris; the feathered banners do their share of tintinnabulating during the first chorus of the triumph, and the percussive slap of whips on the floor punctuates the dance later in this scene.

This gross and grandiose version is a libel on a work which in fact is intimate in scale. *Aida* is not a brazen fascist rally but a drama of private recrimination. Verdi censures and suppresses spectacle by confining the trial of Radames to a subterranean chamber and leaving Amneris alone to overhear and respond to its progress. The ceremony matters less than its refraction through her agonised conscience. Copley, for whom every scene has to be a crowd scene, has sagely flouted the composer's stage directions by cramming the stage with the entire Egyptian priesthood, leaving Amneris only a narrow catwalk on which to enact her self-accusing torment. This ingenuity doesn't even make musical sense (Ramfis still has to be amplified, as if offstage) and it sabotages the drama by denying to Amneris the monopoly she needs if she is to advance in her remorse to tragic status. Until this scene, I admired Elizabeth Connell's Amneris. She sings with malicious elegance, and does a good job of trundling round the encrustations of gold in which Lazaridis has imprisoned her. But she is defeated when, at the climax of her role, Copley makes her compete with the male chorus, and she lacks the searing chesty power to impose herself.

The riot of gaudy expenditure might be justified if the company had a heroic Aida who could bestride the paramilitary ensembles and shoulder aside the bric-a-brac. Instead they have Josephine Barstow. The musical xenophobes call her a great singing actress. What this means is that she manically overacts to compensate for a voice which is throttled, constricted, and unbeautiful. As Aida she does many intelligent things – thinning her voice to a thread for 'Numi, pietà', delivering 'Patria mia' as a nervous soliloquy not an emotive oration, reacting with disgust during the triumph – but in each case she is miniaturising the role, scaling it down to suit her vocal means. Her performance might have benefited from a more austere and psychologically acute production. The conducting of Charles Groves is no help: his rhythms, for instance in the great trio after 'Celeste Aida', are slack, and the thrilling score, as managed by him, never excited me. This time, I think, the ENO has over-reached itself.

Taverner's *Thérèse*, given its world premiere at Covent Garden, dodges uneasily between hagiography and psychomachia. Is the heroine (a French nun canonised after her spectral missions of mercy to the battlefields of the world wars) to be revered as a mystic or diagnosed as a fanatic? Is the set a golden basilica or a murky human brain cortex? The drama is cautious about trespassing on sacred ground. The composer's synopsis says that, after the heroine is laid low by the world's evil, she is 'somehow' raised to an ecstatic declaration of faith. But how exactly? The music too is more interested in the eternal repetitions of liturgy than in the transcription of emotional states. If the Coliseum isn't a coliseum, then nor is Covent Garden a cathedral.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

I fear, I fear

Richard III by SHAKESPEARE *Olivier*
Adam's Apple by PETER SIMPKIN *New End*
Sus by BARRIE KEEFFE *Theatre Upstairs*

John Wood and Ian McKellen are the two actors who have most exercised my mind, pen, worry-beads and powers of theatrical prophecy in recent times; and since their current performances are separated by no more than a mile of London pavement, and their present standing and potential importance in the cultural stockmarket by a mere point or two, let me attempt to define by comparing them. McKellen's acting at its worst is overblown, rhetorical, but at its best a process of glandular self-discovery, a means of digging deeper and deeper into twisted tripes and then exposing the emotional grot hidden there. Perhaps only he of all our thespians could bring off the scene in *Bent* in which the death-camp homosexual describes having been forced to rape the corpse of a 13-year-old Jewish girl. But if McKellen's peculiar strength is internal and intestinal, Wood's is external and cerebral, a capacity for detached, disenchanted and sometimes mocking self-scrutiny. Hence the extraordinary Brutus he offered us in 1972, sardonically watching himself primly enjoying his own reputation for nobility. McKellen is probably the better equipped to play Macbeth, whose conflicts are mainly with the uglier sides of himself. Indeed, the dark sexual hunger he brought to the usurper's ambitions two years ago proved as much. Wood would seem made for Shakespeare's practice-run for that role: Crookback the schemer, actor, ironist and demonic joker, whose conflicts are with a gullible and vulnerable world outside.

Let's first decide what he isn't. He makes a baleful enough first impression, his distended shadow preceding his distorted self as he half-drags, half-scuttles onstage; he delivers his opening monologue in a sour honk, rising to near-ecstasies of bitterness and scorn as he speaks of peace, love and pleasure; and he has his grim and ghoulish moments afterwards, notably when he lunges towards the more impish of the little princes, as if about to throttle him then and there. But his skinny charisma never quite becomes physical menace. You feel that people fear him for what he might order others to do, not for what he immediately, irresistibly is. He's a satanic puppeteer manipulating others from somewhere below, not a full-grown hellhound himself. In short, he is not Laurence Olivier: which is, of course, a perfectly honourable thing not to be.

What makes Wood's Richard dangerous to others is his chameleon mind. He enjoys playing parts, perhaps more than Shakespeare expected: medieval Chadband, sanctimoniously thanking God 'for my humility'; fairy-tale good uncle; little old lady, wailing, squawking and prissily imploring the kingmaker Buckingham not to 'enforce to me a world of cares'; high-flyer in the Ministry of Silly Voices. There were times, for instance when he greets the battlefield on which he's to die like a parody TV commentator, when I wondered if the bravura show-off wasn't Wood, not Richard. There were also times when tempo, as well as mimetic energy, got the better of his performance, and he hurtled half-comprehensibly over authentically funny lines, such as Richard's suggestion that he should be thanked for dispatching the saintly Henry VI to heaven. The point is clear: here's a man whose racing intellect, reflected in his pellmell speech, regularly takes him past the winning-post while lesser men are still fumbling in their starting-boxes. But as quickwittedness became fever, fever rose to frenzy, and frenzy itself threatened to crash through the sound-barrier, scurrilous doubts began to intrude. Was it essential that Wood caught the 10.10 from Waterloo? Was he afraid that the ice under the celebratory champagne would melt if the curtain didn't fall on time?

No, stop. Add to all this evidence one eccentric episode – the toy drums and trumpets his sycophants play as his mother prepares to curse him, and the near-foetal position he adopts after she's done so – and we have a calculated, consistent and, in spite of excesses, defensible interpretation. This Richard is immature, incomplete, and only too glad to exploit the undoubted advantages of being so. We must believe him when he sneers that since he can't be a lover he is 'determined to prove a villain'. Deformity, it seems, has led to self-hatred, and that not only to vindictiveness but to emotional self-mutilation, an almost-conscious policy of denying feeling, which is bound to disappoint, and relying on mind, which isn't. This enables Wood to make total sense both of Richard's breathless amazement at his power over women and of his contempt for their inability to resist it. It also gives his private horrors before Bosworth much more than their usual impact. The hectic current of words suddenly stops, and he whispers, pausing deliberately over 'villain', 'murder', 'perjury', 'guilty', 'despair', as if recognising for the first time their full and appalling content. 'I fear, I fear,' he quavers, referring to much more than the danger of death; but the glimmer of humanity has come too late, the battle galvanises him back into a killer-computer on overdrive, and he is skewered by Mr Clean in the form of John Harding's Richmond.

The less said about the rest of Christopher Morahan's production the better. Bluntly, it's a case of Wood surrounded by wood, with only his encounters with Anna Carteret's Elizabeth producing friction, sparks and dramatic heat. Why does the English court stand as if withered by Dutch elm disease while Anthony Douse's dying King Edward totters in front of them and then, to redouble the implausibility of it, splatters his mouth with what's unmistakable as red make-up? And wouldn't it be better if the plastic armour the troops wear at Bosworth didn't actually creak as they grapple in extremis? The vast steel axe-heads of Ralph Koltai's set are impressive, and the twitching backs of the victims graphically beheaded in one of its U-shaped grooves prove authentically chilling; but to add a conduit that spouts papier maché rivers of blood – indeed, Rivers, Vaughans and Grays of blood – is to italicise the already obvious. Besides, something must be wrong with a production that comes most vividly to life at moments of death.

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Much of *Richard III* is, admittedly, hard to like: false oaths painstakingly punished, violent curses laboriously fulfilled, heavy irony everywhere, and all in the singsong iambs of Shakespeare's apprentice period. But it can be vastly more exciting than this.

Peter Simpkin can't be accused of undue opportunism in bringing the modish subject of transexuality on to the stage; but his twin aims, to increase our comprehension of the man-become-woman and to make good sizzling drama of her collisions with a startled world, are achieved at the expense of a *sine qua non*. I mean, life. That commodity occasionally threatens to elude Barrie Keeffe, too: for instance, when his detectives suggest that the death of a dog is more appalling than that of the black woman whose agonising end they've just broken to her husband with barely conceivable callousness. Their excuse, and perhaps Mr Keeffe's mistake, is that they think he did her in. It might have been better if *Sus* had concentrated on the timely subject its title seemed to promise, the abuse of the vagrancy laws, instead of introducing the question of murder, with its built-in sensationalism.

Still, the play forcefully reiterates a claim that increasingly insists on being aired and investigated, that a city police station is the very last place you'll find sensitivity, understanding, democratic principles, dedication to non-violence, and justice, especially if you're coloured and unemployed; and its dramatic tension ranges from the riveting to the unbearable, thanks to the acting of Stuart Barren, Christopher Driscoll, and Paul Barber, as commanding a black actor as I've lately seen.

Art

John Spurling

Campaigns in Colour

The Art of the Invisible and Kandinsky: The Munich Years 1900-14 *Museum of Modern Art, Oxford*
John Hoyland: Paintings 1967-1979 *Serpentine*

The resistance to abstract art is amazing. After three-quarters of a century the standard view is still that it's 'just marks on a canvas', decoration, not to be judged as serious art. Are Bach, Beethoven and Bartok merely decorative? Are Berlioz and Strauss the more serious artists because their music has literary content? And if not, why is abstraction allowed to the ear but not to the eye? Sheer conservatism is the only explanation. Because, until this century, abstraction was always associated with decoration and serious art with figuration, it was simply assumed that figuration was the essential element and that colour, form and composition were its handmaids – aspects of the artist's craft, incapable by themselves of exciting the intellect or the emotion. Logically it's absurd to believe that what the musician's pure craft can do the artist's can't, but in practice it's clear that the best part of a lifetime, during which most of the major artists have been abstractionists, has not been enough to shift this deeply embedded *idée reçue*.

No wonder that Wassily Kandinsky, who is usually credited, or discredited, with being the first abstract painter of the 20th century, advanced into abstraction with extreme caution. Actually he had been preceded by the Theosophist Rev. C.W. Leadbeater, whose book *Thought Forms*, containing drawings of coloured auras and charts of the affections indicated by specific colours and forms – 'vague intellectual pleasure' is a yellow blob, and a brown blob issuing in four evil hooks signifies 'greed for drink' – was first published in English in 1901. Kandinsky, like Mondrian, was influenced by the Theosophists, so that it is particularly imaginative of the Museum of Modern Art to bring together a small exhibition of Leadbeater's recently re-discovered drawings, first shown at the Bede Gallery, Jarrow, with the Kandinsky exhibition from the Edinburgh Festival. Abandoning his job as a law lecturer at Moscow University, Kandinsky settled in Munich to study painting in 1897. His earliest work is a mixture of German *art nouveau* with a Russian fairytale coloration. The subject-matter is mostly knights and ladies, and especially riders on leaping white horses, with romantic castles in the background.

Gradually, from 1909 on, responding to what he later called 'the unsuspected power of the palette', he began to strip away the 'external elements' (narrative and representation) in order to express the 'internal', but even the latest work in the exhibition, done immediately before Kandinsky returned to Russia at the outbreak of the first world war, retains some links with representation. Kandinsky continued to believe that the work of art should be a vehicle of communication and he was at first doubtful whether it would be possible to communicate without any objects at all. His solution was to 'dissolve objects . . . so that they might not all be recognised at once . . . in order that their spiritual overtones might be experienced gradually by the spectator, one after the other'. Almost to the end of this Munich period it is still quite easy to pick out the leaping horses and their riders, though they have long since merged their electric energy with the rushing diagonal movement of the whole painting, just as the richly-coloured but rather folkish, earth-bound backgrounds have been transformed into airy, apocalyptic swirls of light-filled colour.

What Kandinsky perhaps began has been not so much a consistently developed movement as a series of individual contributions, sometimes influencing one another, sometimes arising from quite separate sources, sometimes diametrically opposed (e.g. the expressionist versus the geometrical tendency), united only in their dissatisfaction with the ancient tyranny of the recognisable object. It is exactly as if, up to this century, all composers had been automatically required to write programme music and had at last burst out, independently or in groups, in all directions.

This last decade, though we are slow to recognise it, has been remarkable for the contributions of several British abstract artists, most of them originally influenced by the American Abstract Expressionists, but by now a law to themselves. Of these John Hoyland should be – with his ebullient colours and grandly dramatic compositions – among the easiest to respond to. Yet the plain man is still baffled, still alarmed by marks on the canvas which can't be read as recognisable objects. For where Kandinsky dissolved his objects into paint, Hoyland begins and ends with paint and canvas. It is the variety and energy with which he causes the first of these old cronies to transform and animate the strict dimensions of the second that distinguish him as a potentially first-rate artist, regardless of whether he chooses to include painted imitations of cows, cruxifixes, human figures or to leave them out.

Of course he does leave them out, since they are entirely irrelevant. The detail in these paintings is supplied by the paint itself, first in its capacity as a flowing and quick-drying plastic medium, secondly as colour. Confronted with so many huge, multi-coloured canvases, the viewer is tempted to react superficially, to scurry from one to the other; and this temptation is sharpened by the sense of reckless momentum in the way the paint has been put on, splashed, slapped, pummelled, chivvied, spatulated, dripping here, skiting there, the undercoat showing through, the topcoat scarred with rents and slashes. But settle down to outstare a single painting, to be as bold in looking at it as Hoyland has been making it, and you become aware of the infinite number of minute, counter-balancing decisions, both of texture and colour, which underlie this apparently careless rapture. Only when you've contemplated these small incidents and seen how their initial improvisatory nature has been curbed and redirected at every point with careful deliberation can you begin to take the measure of the paintings as a whole. They are organised pandemonia, fierce battles fought under the finger-tip control of an experienced commander.

Indeed Hoyland's steadily confident development looks in retrospect like a successful general's career, starting simply enough with the organisation of one or more coloured incidents on a plain coloured ground, graduating to large panels of pure, thick colour with hard edges which float over or lead into a stained canvas (the exhibition begins with these) and, from the Seventies on, progressively complicating and enriching this basic relationship of foreground and background, of edge and centre, until his main units of colour and form – and their fragments and scouting-parties – are all caught up together in a maelstrom of action where foreground and background constantly interpenetrate and turn one another inside-out and head-over-heels.

But although, to revert to the comparison with music, Hoyland is evidently a colour symphonist on a scale seldom attempted by English artists or composers, he does seem over-dependent on the major key. The very latest paintings, more soberly organised and using areas of darker colour, suggest that he is aware of this himself. Their effect is still somewhat tentative, but one suspects that just as his earliest work expresses simple lyricism, and his middle work extrovert vigour, so he will eventually be able to command the more shadowy emotions too. Certainly it is all just marks on canvas, but the truth is that it always was. All that matters is who made the marks, not that they should resemble cows or even leaping horses.

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Films

John Coleman

Adieu, Antoine?

Love on the Run (AA) *Academy Two*
Hullabaloo Over George and Bonnie's Pictures (A) *Everyman from 15 October*
Bloodbrothers (X) *selected London release*
Preston Sturges *NFT*
Joris Ivens *NFT* and *ICA*

Francois Truffaut's latest and – he insists – last film about Antoine Doinel will almost certainly be castigated in some quarters for its slightness, its airy charm. In fact, *Love on the Run* (*L'Amour en Fuite*), in my book a spiky delight, is open to a graver charge. Truffaut absolutely takes for granted a knowledge of the three-and-a-bit Doinel movies that preceded it: *Les Quatre Cents Coups* (1959), the 'Antoine et Colette' episode from *L'Amour à Vingt Ans* (1962), *Stolen Kisses* (1968), and *Domicile Conjugal*, horribly Englished as *Bed and Board* (1970); for the new work contains a quantity of flashback clips from the old ones. It is a kind of summation and maybe a final attempt at self-exorcism, but new viewers – beginning here – could find it elliptical, mysterious.

Antoine (Jean-Pierre Léaud as always, and somehow looking more like his director than ever) has published the highly autobiographical novel he was writing in *Domicile Conjugal*; his divorce from Christine (Claude Jade again) is about to be finalised; he is having a stormy affair with liberated Sabine (Dorothée, an import from French TV), who works in a record shop. Colette (a grown-up Marie-France Pisier), now a lawyer, spots him emerging from the last hearing – to face a throng of reporters, as their divorce is the first under the new French law – and decides to buy his book at her lover Xavier's bookshop. A further chance has Antoine and Colette wordlessly encounter at the station, he seeing his young son off on holiday, she elsewhere bound on a case. On a whim, he boards her train, ticketless; they meet over dinner, when he tells her the unfinished plot of his next novel, some matter of a torn-up photo reassembled by a young man who falls madly in love with the girl's face thus restored, ultimately traces her and persuades her to love him in turn; Colette, in a sudden rage at his egoism, pretends she is about to sleep with an amorous 'gorilla' in a nearby compartment for 1,000 francs and Antoine, shaken, pulls the emergency cord and jumps off the train. A patched-up snap falls from his pocket.

The rest unravels neatly and amusingly. The surname on the back of the photo, which is of Sabine, is the same as Xavier's. Colette, back in Paris, discovers they are simply brother and sister (a sly scene, showing Sabine and Xavier at the flicks together, has implied otherwise) and makes it up with her bookshop lover. Meanwhile, Antoine, forcing a reluctant and resentful Sabine (she has accused him of being 'a pick-up artist') to hear him out, repeats the story related to Colette in the dining-car; of course, it is really *their* story and all ends in kisses while customers in the record shop listen to the latest Alain Souchon single, the film's title-song. At the same time, Truffaut introduces a cut of the young Antoine's face from *Quatre Cents Coups* and this black-and-white image from the past and the embrace in *Love on the Run* in colour, slide rapidly to and fro across the screen in an astounding kind of pictorial glissando.

A few of the flashbacks are fresh material – Antoine caught in bed with Liliane, a close friend and pupil of violin-teaching Christine; Colette's grief over her dead baby daughter. A M. Lucien (Julien Bertheau), now aging but his mother's devoted lover for many years, turns up one day at the printer's where Antoine proof-reads for a living, to soften Truffaut's earlier portrait of her, Doinel's feelings towards her. Substantially, though, scraps from the other films – and there are many, including part of the famous reformatory interview with a woman psychiatrist, gauche Antoine's first sight of Colette at a Salle Pleyel concert, rows and reconciliations with Christine – body out the past. There are straightforward memory-shots, summoned up by Antoine but by Colette and Christine as well; reading Antoine's book in her couchette, Colette notices where he has reversed the truth (and a film-cut shows us how); writing a letter to be scrumpled, Antoine revisits – for our eyes – earlier sequences.

The little episode of angry man coming out of phone booth to rip up that photo is shown twice, with Antoine's voice over, and there are in-jokes: Sabine gives him the diaries of Léautaud, who had a notoriously unhappy childhood, as a present; Antoine recalls his marriage date because it was St Nestor's Day (and Nestor Almendros is again Truffaut's brilliant cameraman); Christine's disinterred accusation, 'Writing to settle old scores isn't art', turns back on Truffaut himself. Essentially, up to the softening close (you might call its busyness an anti-freeze after the end of *Quatre Cents Coups*), Antoine is under attack for his aloofness, his immaturity, his total self-centredness. Perhaps, then, this has been the making of him at last and we really are waving him goodbye. He has been a fascinating experience.

James Ivory's superb *Hullabaloo Over George and Bonnie's Pictures*, now publicly showing for the first time in England in a cinema, is a must, even if you caught it, in two parts, on *The South Bank Show* on TV back in July of last year, when I previewed it at some length. Ismail Merchant produced – incredibly, it was made in four weeks with London Weekend and for £100,000 – and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala wrote another of her reverberating scripts. The indomitable Lady G. (Peggy Ashcroft in top gear), old Anglo-Indian hand and buyer for a London museum, rolls up in a crumpled van, accompanied by pretty young Lynn (Jane Booker) and intent on persuading Georgie, a Maharajah (Victor Banerjee), and his sister Bonnie (Aparna Sen) – they had a Scottish nanny when Lady G. first knew them – to sell the priceless Tasveer collection of miniatures. Clark Haven (Larry Pine), a dry young American of means, has similar notions. The wily, beaming keeper of the collection (splendid Saeed Jaffrey) helps complicate matters in some delicate double-and-triple-crossing. The pictures are supposedly sent to Calcutta for sale by Georgie; there is a fire in which they are presumed destroyed; at the glowing, contented finale, they are silently displayed again, to stay in their palatial Indian home. Along the way, hippyish Lynn and Georgie, a keen amateur photographer and admirer of European girls, separated from his wife, come together, abetted by no-nonsense Lady G., and Haven woos a restless Bonnie. The modulation of moods in this humorous, serious, exquisitely mannered collision and collusion of cultures is extraordinary.

Robert Mulligan's *Bloodbrothers* reminds us there is a world elsewhere, alas, the awful, shouting, hysterical, ludicrously macho territory of Italian-Americans living in the Bronx. An appallingly schematic script, congealed around the De Coco clan, concentrates mainly on young Stony (Richard Gere), just out of high school and torn between looking after kids (which he likes) and becoming an electrician (which his bullying father wants). In the end, he leaves for nowhere in particular, taking his anorexic little brother with him. His mad mama (Leila Goldoni, screeching) has already thrown away the Valium prescribed for the kid. It should have been prescribed for the film, which is Mulligan's worst ever. Three big 'confessional' scenes quite stink.

The anfractuous, taboo-trampling, satirical, witty and variable talent – sometimes genius – of Preston Sturges, son of a rich businessman and culture-vulture mother, is pretty comprehensively on display at the NFT till 9 November: a few films he scripted and the dozen features he both wrote and directed. His high period was the early Forties, which produced *The Great McGinty*, *The Lady Eve*, *Sullivan's Travels*, *The Palm Beach Story*, the more raucous *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* and *Hail the Conquering Hero*. Admire him especially for his then unfashionable bad taste and the magnificent character actors at his command: William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Eric Blore, Eugene Pallette all gave of their best for him on occasion, sometimes admittedly at the expense of the principals. I confess to sharing James Agee's doubts, notably about a film like *Sullivan's Travels*, which moves along marvellously towards a dire cop-out of convicts laughing their heads off at Mickey Mouse and Joel McCrea's simplistic conversion thereby. While creating his own modified contributions to it, willy-nilly, Sturges had it in for Culture with a big C.

Incredible to think that Joris Ivens, for whom the expression 'man of the world' might have been coined, was born in 1898. The NFT is currently embarked on Part Two of its retrospective, which concentrates on the last 30 of Ivens's 50 years as a film maker, with works from Poland, Italy, Cuba, Chile, France, Vietnam (the very fine *The Seventeenth Parallel*, made in 1967), and – of course – the huge, engrossing project, *How Yukong Moved the Mountains*, a series of films about daily life in China shot – with the assistance of Marceline Loridan – at the express invitation of Chou En Lai: 19-21 October. Anyone who wants to catch these sooner will find them at the ICA from 12-17 of this month. Furthermore, the ICA gives an opportunity to those who may have missed the earlier, Ivens, Part One, at the NFT. In the beginning, his aims were deliberately aesthetic, as in *The Bridge* (1928) and *Rain* of the following year, a fantastic study of descending wetness as it makes puddles, shinnies down windows, drips

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from umbrella spokes and statues. The ICA has programmed these, as well as the mandatory *Spanish Earth* (1937) and a couple of lectures and an exhibition of Ivensana – worthy tributes to a fantastic, increasingly committed life.

Weekend Competition

No 2587 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Common abbreviations can often aptly be re-interpreted, e.g. MA: Merely Academic; COD: Crush or Destroy; SRN: Skimpily Remunerated Nowadays. More examples please by 26 October.

No 2584 **Set by Ted Pauker**

We asked for anthology titles after the model of *Here Today* for the works of new poets.

Report **By Gladys Over**

It was not the easy giggle that Mr Pauker was after, nor the instant groan, nor even the immediate grimace of pain. So thanks for all the funny book titles and the horrible puns, but no thanks as far as this comp was concerned. What we were looking for was the momentary pause and then the double-take as an apparently appropriate title yielded up its deflating corollary. When all the unsuitable entries had been weeded out we were left with a very slim folder indeed. So, a pound apiece for the entries printed below, with congratulations to their perpetrators for actually getting the general idea right.

Blue Moon: the collected witticisms of England's first woman prime minister
To Catch a Thief: the CID's own book of ballads
MAY DAY

See Naples: hints for travellers
Many a True Word: a collection of modern sermons
J. TIMSON

The Greater the Truth: anecdotes about Sir James Goldsmith
All Roads: travel tales by Ian Paisley
ROY KELLY

Winsome: the casebook of a cosmetic surgeon
DAVID PHILLIPS

Little Things: an anthology of aphorisms
GILEAD COOPER

Where Angels Fear: messages from the mystics
JOYCE JOHNSON

In the Streets of Askelon: an anthology of new, experimental, urban poetry from the Middle East
BILL GREENWELL

Silver Speech: memorable addresses from TUC conferences
D. J. TAYLOR

Without Rhyme: a collection of modern free verse
VIOLET R. ORMEROD

Red Sky at Morning: the writings of young revolutionaries
LIONEL BURMAN

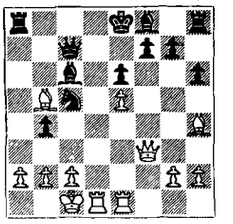
Tony Miles

Chess

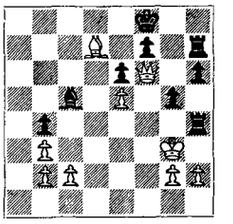
No 152 **A startling opening**

The recent Interzonal Tournament Riga was won brilliantly by the local hero ex World Champion Mikhail Tal with the phenomenal score of 14/17. His compatriot Lev Polugaevsky was second 2½ points behind. The tournament produced many exciting games and interesting opening ideas. Here is one of the most startling:-

White: Grunfeld (Israel) **Black: Polugaevsky**
1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-Q3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, N-KB3; 5.N-QB3, P-QR3; 6.B-KN5, P-K3; 7.P-B4, P-QN4!? Polugaevsky adopts his own variation. In this extremely dangerous and much analysed line Black allows White considerable attacking chances in the hope of profit later from White's weaknesses. Polugaevsky has never, as far as I know, lost with his system! **8.P-K5, PxP; 9.PxP, Q-B2; 10.Q-K2, K-NQ2; 11.0-0-0, N-B3!?** A surprise! The usual move is 11 . . . B-N2 leading to a quite horrifying mass of analysis. **12.NxN, QxN; 13.Q-Q3, P-R3; 14.B-R4, B-N2; 15.B-K2, Q-B2; 16.KR-K1, N-B4; 17.Q-R3, P-N5.** Black must provoke White into action. **18.N-N5! PxN; 19.BxP, B-B3; 20.Q-KB3.**

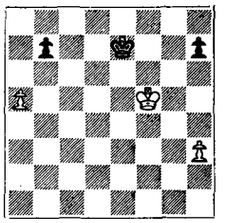


Position so far. Black looks lost since 20 . . . R-B1 fails to 21.BxB. QxB; 22.QxQ, RxQ; 23.R-Q8 mate. But Polugaevsky produced the excellent **20 . . . N-N6!** Grunfeld now capitulated with the terrible **21.K-N1??** and was a piece down for totally insufficient compensation after **21 . . . N-R4.** The main interest of the game lies in the play arising from the correct RPxN! This could lead to an extremely long and complicated variation. It seems that with best play the position should be drawn. Here is the main line. 21 . . . R-R8; 22.K-Q2, Q-Q2; 23.K-K3, B-B4; 24.K-B4, P-N4; 25.K-N3 and now Black should probably omit 25 . . . PxB for the moment – 25 . . . RxR! Now White must choose between 26.BxB and 26.QxB for 26.RxR? Perhaps 26 . . . BxB is best. 26 . . . RxR; 27.BxQ, K-B1! 28.Q-B6, R-K6; 29.K-N4, R-K5; 30.K-R3, RxB; 31.K-N3, R-R2 and the position is probably drawn



Position after 31 . . . R-R2 is the variation. Of course this was an incredibly complicated piece of analysis and Grunfeld couldn't possibly have been expected to see through it all. But he should have realised that after 21.K-N1?? he would be quite lost. The rest of the game was an extreme anti-climax. Polugayevsky converted his extra piece into a win and predictably went on to victory in another 32 moves.

Problem 152



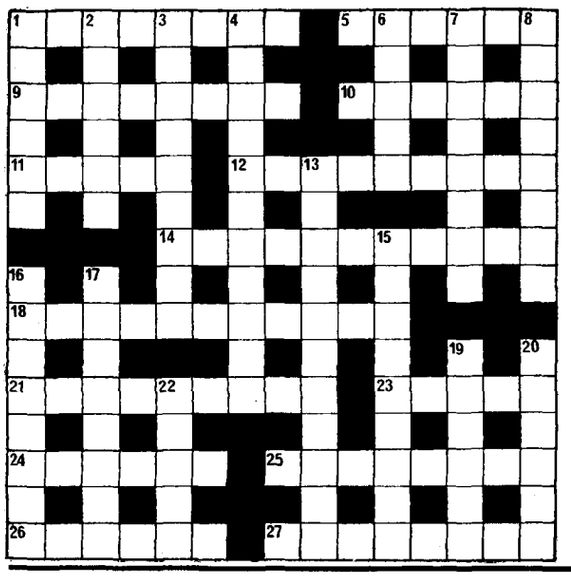
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 24 October.

Solution to problem 150

1.QxP! R-B8ch; 2.Q-Q1!! Resigns! Or . . . RxQch; 3.K-K2, R-QN8 (R-K8ch, KxP); 4.P-Q8=Q with a won KxP ending.

Weekend Crossword 1319

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1319, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 23 October.



ACROSS

1 Risks him being cut up in a fight (8).
5 Old woman wrongly blamed (6).
9 Seize a girl by force (8).
10 Caught the defeated at shorter range (6).
11 Letter of thanks after an article (5).
12 Boy child at the piano needs a chair (9).
14 Means of cancelling a Test series? (5, 6).
18 Possibly need help, sir, when stocked up? (11).
21 Broadcaster puts his weight right behind a girl (9).
23 Speedster concerned with a vehicle backing (5).
24 I am in a love part, being a bird (6).
25 Directed to sit the examination again since the judge made a mistake? (8).
26 Spectacles needed for supplying this grammar school (6).
27 Lovely woman found among the talented (8).

DOWN

1 Keeping calm though badly teased (6).
2 Conformist part of body (6).
3 A horse takes in processed grain as food (9).
4 Athlete's complaint which may precede the breaking of a record? (7, 4).
6 She is in hell enjoying herself (5).
7 Upsets bones with backward grooves in (8).
8 Sailors make war about river in East (8).
13 Hide chief in town (11).
15 Something to put on below the river (9).
16 Builders race about on mountains (8).
17 Punishment with a nine-inch ruler (8).
19 The insect prevents about a hundred going up (6).
20 Johnson's lexicographer was a harmless one (6).
22 Not bright, showing that fifty does go into one (5).
SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 22

R	U	N	A	V	E	L	M	E	N	T	E	
U	K	C	B	L	E	B	E	G	G	A	R	
B	A	O	R	O	R	O	I	N	E	K	S	
I	N	D	I	F	Y	W	B	E	P	A	T	
A	R	I	N	E	A	L	L	S	U	B	O	
U	D	D	E	R	P	A	M	I	N	O	R	
O	L	D	G	E	D	M	E	S	I	L	E	
T	E	L	O	E	C	P	H	A	L	I	C	
S	T	E	R	N	L	A	V	M	O	S	E	
I	R	N	G	B	O	L	T	I	T	M	A	
D	E	N	I	B	T	E	D	N	E	S	S	
E	E	F	A	T	H	E	R	E	D	G	E	

Solvers were asked to anagram heads of answers before entry in the diagram.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 22
Vera Johnson (London SW17)
Dr J. M. Bennett (Crowle)
A. Appleton (Thrumpton)

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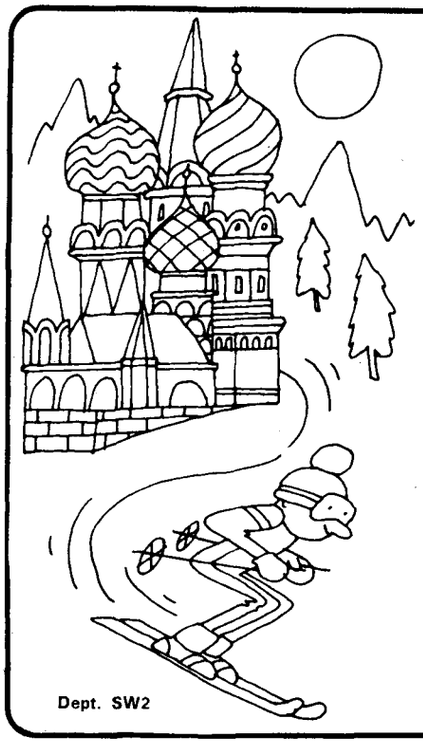

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Theatres

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded bkg info 836 5332. 'Love's Labour's Lost', Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's comedy 'Once in a Lifetime' and Gorky's 'Children of The Sun'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Nigel Baldwin's 'Men's Beano', Howard Brenton's 'Sore Throats' and 'The Merchant of Venice.'

CRITERION. 930 3216. Mon.-Thurs. eves 8 p.m. Fri. & Sat. 5.30 & 8.30 Ian McKellen, Tom Bell in 'Bent' by Martin Sherman. Directed by Robert Chetwyn.

HALF MOON — NEW THEATRE, 213 Mile End Road, E1. 480 6465/6727. Frances de la Tour as 'Hamlet' from 12 Oct. 7.30 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Ecstasy' devised by Mike Leigh. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30. 'Moving triumph . . .' Felix Barker, Eve. News. 'Astonishingly well observed. Terrific'. Clive Hirschhorn, Sun. Exp. 'No production in London is better acted than this' John Elsom, The Listener.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Richard III', 'Undiscovered Country', 'As You Like It', 'For Services Rendered', 'Close of Play' (last perfs), 'Lark Rise' (all tickets standing). For dates and times see daily press or ring recorded information 928 2256.

NEW END. 794 0238. 'Adam's Apple' by Peter Simpkin. Tues.-Suns. 8 p.m.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Prevs from Thurs., opens 23 Oct. Eves 8 p.m. World premiere 'Sergeant Ola and his Followers' by David Lan.

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Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Woody Allen's 'Manhattan' (AA). 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00.

Poetry

MATCHLIGHT: British Poetry Today: Orangery, Holland Pk, 11 Oct. 7.15 p.m. Leslie Norris + P. Doubell + E. A. Poe interludes. 01-352 7409.

THURSDAY 18 OCTOBER at 7.30 p.m. Poetry reading by Fleur Adcock, George Macbeth & Trevor Wadlow at Keats House, Keats Grove, London NW3. Tickets 50p (30p students, OAPs) available at the door or in advance from any Camden library. Telephone 387 6293.

Meetings

GRESHAM LECTURES
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What do we know about Jesus of Nazareth? by Prof. G. N. Stanton. 3 one-hour lectures at The City University, Northampton Square, EC1 at 1 p.m. 15, 22 & 29 October.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 16 Oct. 'The Voyager Encounters with Jupiter and its Satellites' by Dr G. E. Hunt; 18 Oct. 'England Home and Beauty'. Film directed by Christopher Mason, 1975.

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA'S Economic Future. The Institute of Commonwealth Studies is holding 4 lectures by Rodger Riddell, Colin Stoneman Duncan Clarke and Richard Hodder-Williams at 6 p.m. on Wednesdays 17, 24, 31 October at the Senate House, Malet St, London WC1, and on 7 Nov. at the School of Oriental and African Studies, Malet St, London WC1. Admission free. Further details from Institute 01-580 5876.

IAN MARTIN of the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants will speak on 'Immigration Policy — Labour's Record in the 1970s' at the LSE, Houghton Street, WC2. Tues. 16 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Adm. free.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1, 18 Oct. 7 p.m. 'Cinema Verité': Roger Graef & Mike Grigsby on documentary film-making. 80p. 930 3647.

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THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 14 Oct. 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting, 'Reincarnation & Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

PUBLIC DEBATE
Law Enforcement and the Penal System
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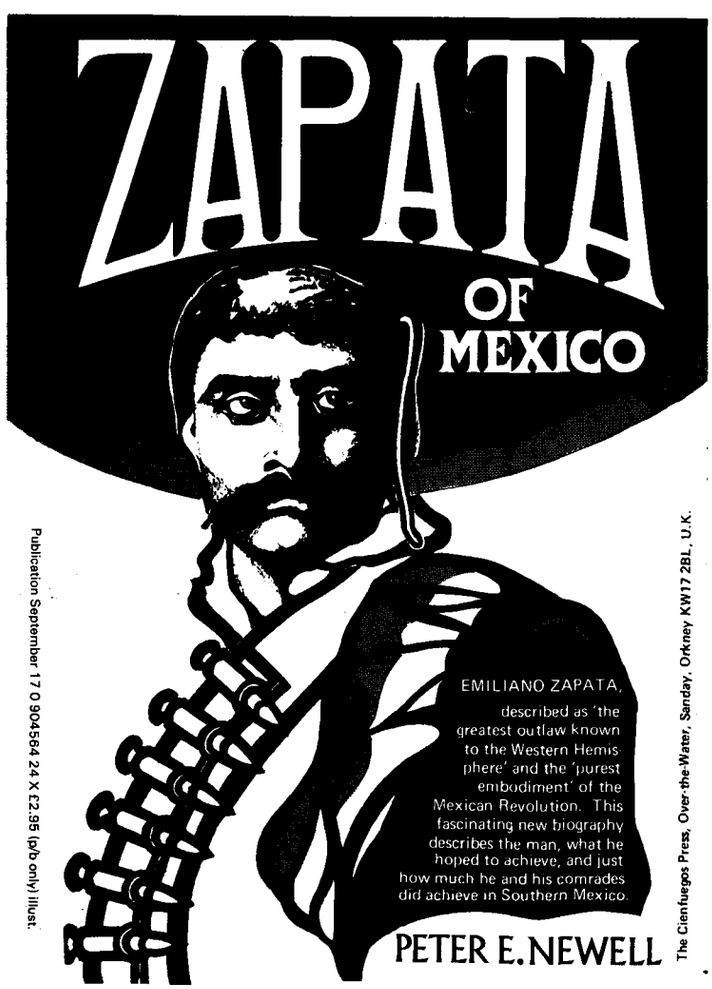
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Political Publications 2

Vagrancy: Some New Perspectives

edited by Tim Cook

October 1979, xii + 170pp.

Hardback: £9.50 0.12.187550.4; Paperback: £3.80 0.12.187560.1

This volume shows that vagrancy is a more complex social problem than government or social service agencies have been prepared to admit. It sets down clearly and comprehensively some of the perspectives that are familiar and it opens fresh debates by looking at the problems from a new viewpoint. A special feature of this book is that a range of different perspectives, sociological, legal and anthropological, are brought together in one volume. Some entirely new research is included and the book combines academic research, accounts by practitioners and analysis of social policy issues.

Language, Thought and Culture: Advances in the Study of Cognition

Classifications in their Social Context

edited by Roy F. Ellen and David Reason

September/October 1979, xii + 262pp., £13.00 0.12.237160.7

The majority of the papers draw on examples of 'folk' and 'scientific' classification in a specific ethnographic or historical context. Together they provide a comparative approach that allows the remaining papers to relate the problems of understanding classification to current debates in anthropology and sociology, especially concerning the relationship of knowledge, symbolism and socio-economic activity. This cross-disciplinary approach means that the discussions will prove of interest to philosophers, historians, linguists, and social anthropologists.

Studies in Anthropology

Pasture and Politics

Economics, conflict and ritual among Shahsevan nomads of northwestern Iran

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